

FOUR COLOUR PLATES INCLUDED IN THIS NUMBER.

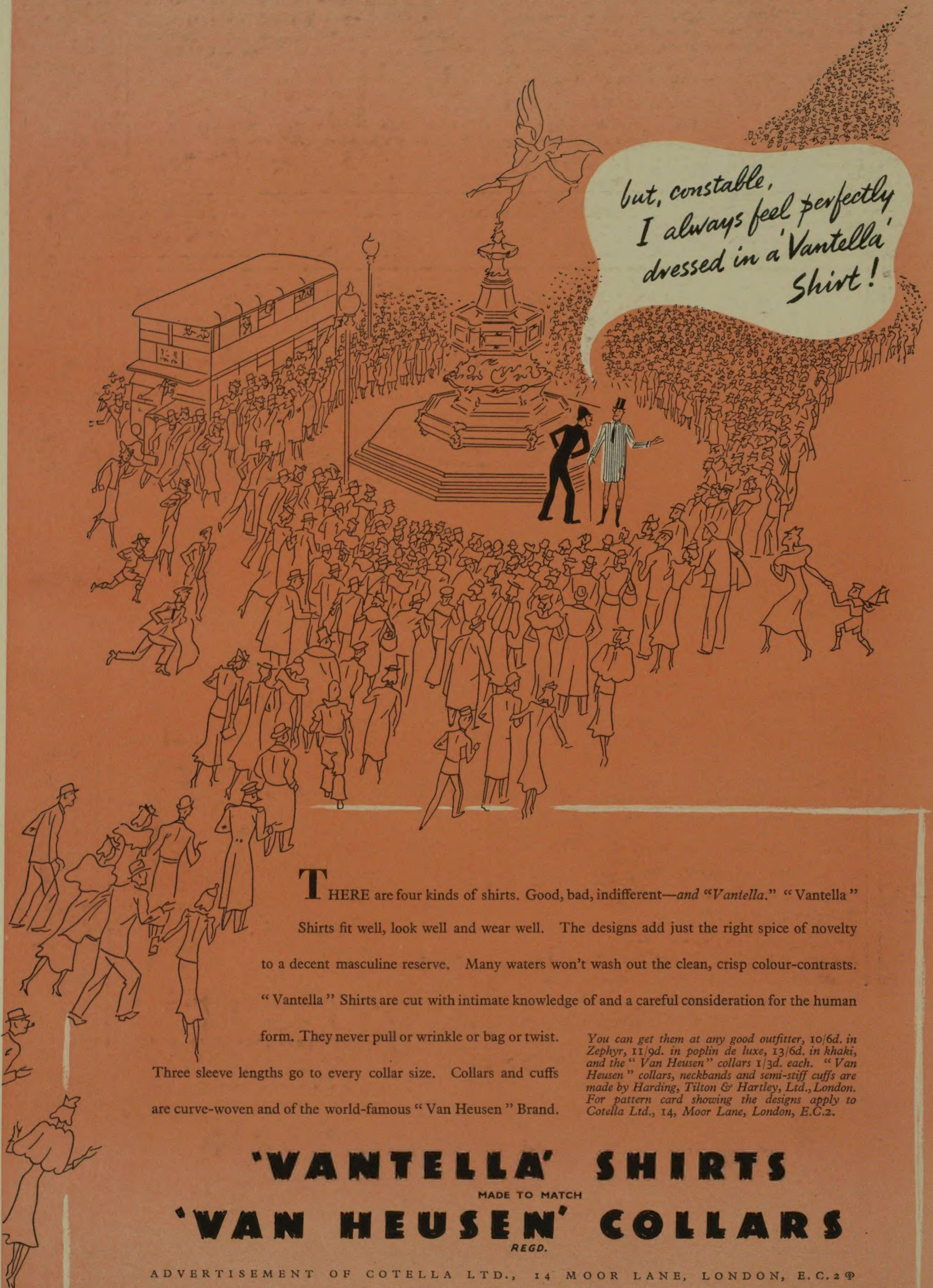
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1939



THE END OF THE VOYAGE.





*but, constable,  
I always feel perfectly  
dressed in a 'Vantella'  
Shirt!*

**T**HERE are four kinds of shirts. Good, bad, indifferent—and "Vantella." "Vantella"

Shirts fit well, look well and wear well. The designs add just the right spice of novelty

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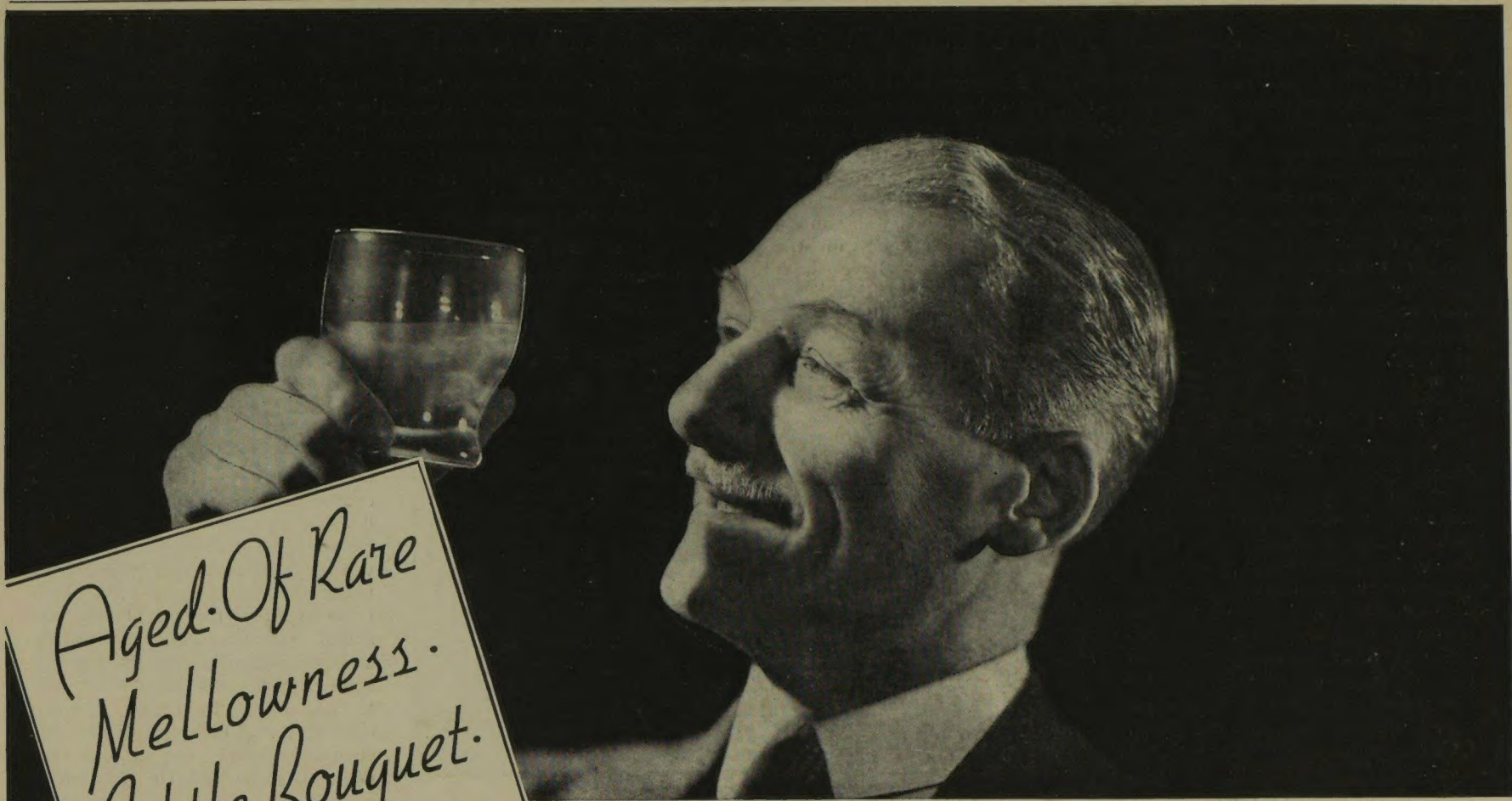
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## THERE'S A WEALTH OF ENTERTAINMENT IN "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE"

A large number of the informative diagrammatic drawings, chiefly by that well-known artist G. H. Davis, which have been published from time to time in THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, are now available in collected form in a special 32-page publication entitled "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE." This will appeal to all who want to know the inner workings of things which the majority of us see only from the outside. Many of these interesting sectional drawings are

reproduced as panoramas, EACH MEASURING OVER THREE FEET WIDE. They show British warship types—a Battleship, a Cruiser, a Flotilla-Leader, a Submarine, and an Aircraft-Carrier — and authoritative details of home - defence organisation. You will find "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE" to be of absorbing interest, and it would make an ideal present for a boy or a girl at home or overseas. Bound in a Leather-finished Cover (Size 20½" x 14½") Price 3/6 (By Post ; Inland 4/3; Foreign & Eire 4/6)

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## APPEALING FOR GIFTS AT CHRISTMASTIDE: CAUSES WHICH ASSIST OTHERS AT ALL TIMES.

**E**VEN at the festive season of Christmas, Economy must remain the watchword of the John Groom's Crippleage, but without meanness. Many cripples are awaiting admission to this notable charitable institution, where otherwise unemployable cripples are turned into happy, self-respecting and self-helping individuals. At Edgware Way 208 crippled girls are in training employment and living in their own village, which contains splendid workrooms, showroom, hospital, church, and well-managed homes. The Clerkenwell branch being in the danger zone, a large number of the crippled workers have been removed to Clacton. Donations may be sent to The John Groom's Crippleage and Flower Girls' Mission, 37, Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1.

**The Royal Cancer Hospital.**

War between nations takes a heavy toll of life and resources, therefore the other war being waged at home against cancer must be pursued unremittingly. The Royal Cancer Hospital *must* eventually be victorious in its fight against this dread disease, and its work must continue unabated. During these difficult times, please spare a thought and practical help for this great struggle. Last year alone 74,000 people died from cancer, and thousands must be expended yearly to prevent any increase. Now, more than ever before, we need monetary help to carry on. Please send a gift, however small, to keep the good work going to The Royal (Free) Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road, London, S.W.3.

**Distressed Gentlefolk.**

The Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association was formed for the relief of gentle people who, from various causes, are in deep distress, and in many cases on the verge of starvation. The Association makes weekly grants to 360 of its necessitous cases, and also supplies clothing, blankets, invalid comforts, and makes special allowances to others who are in great distress. Unfortunately, the number of appeals from poor souls

in urgent need of assistance has increased, while the available funds are reduced on account of the war. The Association appeals for help that assistance and perhaps a little comfort may be given to more of the many who have found poverty and sadness in their old age. Donations will be gratefully received at 74, Brook Green, W.6.

**Dr. Barnardo's Homes.**

At Christmas-time Dr. Barnardo's Homes have a special call on the generosity of those interested in the welfare of the less fortunate members of the rising generation. They are still admitting an average of five children a day under their famous Charter: "No destitute child ever refused admission," and the family now numbers some 8250 children. To provide food, clothing, and shelter for this great family is a problem, especially in wartime, when a heavier responsibility than usual rests on the Homes. Ten shillings will supply Christmas dinners for twenty boys and girls, and in these winter months boots and shoes, warm clothing, blankets, and similar gifts are greatly welcomed. All gifts should be sent to 92, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1, and cheques should be crossed and made payable to Dr. Barnardo's Homes.



Barnardo boys in training for the sea services of the Empire.

**The Imperial Cancer Research Fund.**

The Imperial Cancer Research Fund is making a special appeal this Christmastide for legacies. The work of the Fund, which is conclusively recognised as being of the highest importance in the war against the Cancer scourge, is unceasing in its systematic investigation of the dread disease in man and animals. As the result of this work, and that of other great centres of research, knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer has so developed that it is now being cured in ever-increasing numbers. New modern laboratories have recently been built to extend still further the scope of investigations. A form of bequest will be found on page III.

## SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS OF THE ROYAL CANCER HOSPITAL

1

One of the Research Laboratories.

**Research**

Nowhere is the search for the cause and cure of Cancer prosecuted with greater vigour than in the Research Laboratories of The Royal Cancer Hospital. The nature of the scourge is investigated by many different methods, physical, chemical and biological. Certain Chemical factors which may be concerned in the origin of Cancer are even now being examined. These compounds, first discovered in this Institute, are now in use in laboratories all over the world. This fight in the cause of humanity involves us in a heavy expenditure which must be met. We ask your help. Please send a gift now to the Treasurer.



**The Royal Cancer Hospital**  
(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD

LONDON, S.W.3

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GOOD DEED  
FOR CHRISTMAS**

● Scattered all over Great Britain are numerous Crippled Girls living in poor circumstances. They are untrained. Nobody wants them. Nobody will find employment for them. ● For over 70 years John Groom's Crippleage has been caring for such Girls—training them, housing them and maintaining them. ● They are trained to make artificial flowers, and when proficient are paid at Trade Union Rates, thus enabling them to become partially independent. ● The work must go on. But funds are low. **Help is urgently needed now.** Will you perform a GOOD DEED by sending a contribution? ● John Groom's Crippleage is entirely dependent upon Voluntary Contributions and Legacies. **President: The Lord Radstock. Chairman: B. Ewart White, Esq., J.P.** ● If you would like to know more about the work, please write for latest illustrated report, or if you forward 3d. in stamps we will send a SAMPLE ROSE made by the Cripples.

**JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE**  
AND FLOWER-GIRLS' MISSION  
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Family as large as ever—8,250. Fresh admissions every day.

#### CHRISTMAS GIFTS

towards the upkeep of this National  
work will be heartily welcomed.

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Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable Dr. Barnardo's Homes, should be sent to  
92 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

## DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

## Imperial Cancer Research Fund

Patron—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.

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Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for research and information on cancer, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. Our previous accommodation has become too limited and we have recently built new modern laboratories to extend the scope of our investigations. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and help is urgently needed to meet the heavy additional cost of expansion.

Donations, Subscriptions and Legacies are earnestly solicited and should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, c/o Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

#### FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby bequeath the sum of £ to the Treasurer of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, c/o Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2, for the purpose of Scientific Research and I direct that his receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

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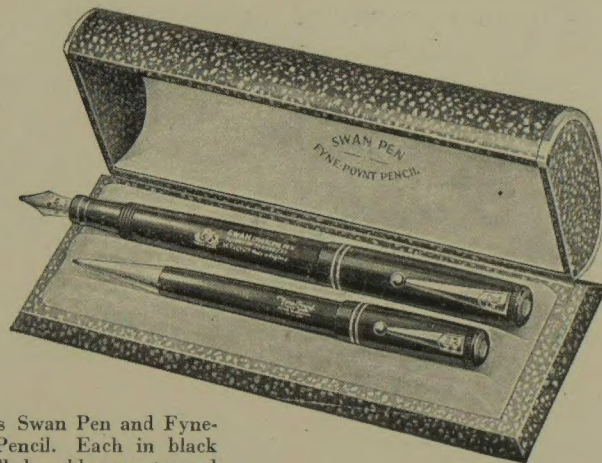
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Swan Pen is everything a good gift  
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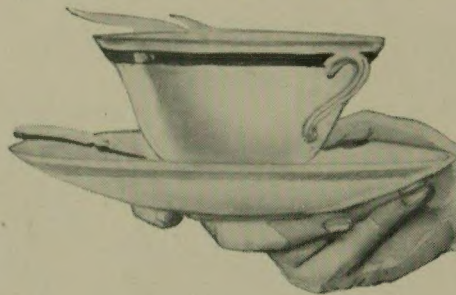


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The exceptional nerve-building properties of 'Ovaltine' have been demonstrated in many scientific tests. It is supremely rich in lecithin—a valuable nerve-restoring element derived from the new-laid eggs used in its manufacture. *No nerve food is complete without eggs.*

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# Ovaltine

*and note the Difference  
in your Nerve-Strength and Outlook*







His fellow-passenger was sitting bolt upright, regarding him rather strangely with wide-open eyes. "Oh! I didn't know there was anybody else in the carriage!" she exclaimed in a deep, pleasant voice.

## DARKNESS.

By A. E. D. SMITH.

Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.B.A.

**A**S an extra precaution, the "Baron" had remained in a far corner of the waiting-room, hidden behind the newspaper in which he was ostensibly immersed, until the last possible moment. Now, with less than half a minute to go before the North express was due to start, he picked up his very ordinary-looking suit-case and boldly emerged on the platform. As he hurried past the bookstall, he was aware of the flaring headlines of the afternoon editions' contents bills: "MURDER AND ROBBERY AT MAYFAIR MANSION. PEERESS LOSES JEWELS WORTH £60,000."

The last carriage doors were already slamming as he walked quickly along the length of the train, seeking, if possible, an empty compartment; and not finding it, he had barely time to scramble into a carriage containing one other traveller when the whistle blew and the train was on the move.

On the move. There was a lot of satisfaction in that. He was really on the move now—on the move towards safety and the exceedingly pleasant immediate future he had planned for himself. He placed his case beside him on the seat, settled himself in his corner, and began a discreet scrutiny of his fellow-passenger.

She was lying comfortably back in the far corner—a handsome, well-dressed woman in the middle thirties, breathing gently, with her eyes closed and her shapely hands resting idly on her lap. She had not moved at his entry, and he saw at once that she was sound asleep. Well, so much the better for that. So much the better, confound her, if she slept throughout the entire journey. It would mean another lessening of the risk. He took a quiet pull at his flask, then, once more lying back in his seat, closed his eyes and began a mental review of the hectic events of the last twelve hours.

The biggest coup of his career—and the easiest! Talk about luck! Why, the stuff had been practically shoved into his hands. The Countess had been giving a big farewell party before leaving for abroad on the following day. He had simply walked unchallenged into the house with a mob of cosmopolitan guests, made his way unobserved upstairs whilst the others were junketing, and gained entrance to her ladyship's own apartments, to discover—oh, incredible carelessness of these society dames!—the stuff all waiting to be collected! It was all there—the famous rubies, the diamonds, and the rest of it—lying about on the dressing-table, apparently in process of being packed ready for its owner's departure on the morrow. He had swept the lot into his capacious pockets and merely walked out again. All as unbelievably easy as that!

A bit of a nuisance, though, about the unfortunate lady's maid. She it was who had probably been doing the packing. She must have left the room for a minute or two, and her return, just as he was stuffing the last case into his pocket, had almost caught him unawares. He could still see her startled face as she had opened her mouth to scream, but the bullet from his silenced automatic had been too swift for even the beginning of a scream. Yes; distinctly a nuisance, but there it was. Self-preservation must always come first.

The rest of it had been quite as easy. He was not, as he knew, altogether unsuspect of the police, though they'd never been able to fix anything on him, and he hadn't cared to risk carrying the stuff about with him or hiding it in his rooms, even for a few hours. So he had packed it into an ordinary suit-case, deposited it in the left-luggage office overnight, and called for it only half an hour before commencing his journey.

The train was speeding smoothly through the darkening winter landscape. In less than three hours now he would be in Liverpool, where he meant to lie "doggo" for a few days before moving on to Leith and getting a cargo-boat to one of the Baltic ports. No crude moves for him, such as making a direct bolt for the Continent *via* Harwich.

His glance travelled contentedly to his suit-case. Things had gone with such a rush that he'd had no opportunity so far of making a proper examination of his booty. Why not do it now? The woman in the other corner was still sleeping as soundly and peacefully as a child, and there were no stops on the journey to awaken her. Quite possibly she would sleep till they reached Liverpool. He decided to risk it.

Spreading his handkerchief over his knees, he stealthily opened his case, took out the jewel-cases one by one, and emptied them into his lap. Rubies, emeralds, diamonds! A dazzling, lovely heap. Even if Steinberg, the Antwerp fence, offered him a fifth of their value, as usual, he ought to be able to squeeze at least fifteen thousand out of the old thief. And with fifteen thousand in his pocket . . . A slight movement in the opposite corner caused him to jerk up his head with a start. His fellow-passenger was sitting bolt upright, regarding him rather strangely with wide-open eyes.

"Oh! I didn't know there was anybody else in the carriage!" she exclaimed in a deep, pleasant voice. "I must have fallen asleep before the train started."

"Yes," he agreed crisply. "Pity you didn't remain asleep."

She made a little *moue*. "That doesn't sound very gallant. Are you afraid that, being a woman, I shall now want to chatter for the rest of the journey?"

"Er—no. It's not quite that," he said, rather lamely. "What I mean is that train journeys are boring at the best, and if one can sleep . . ." He eyed her narrowly. She looked a clever woman, and the fact that she seemed to be paying no particular attention to the glittering heap on his knee was a warning in itself—probably part of a suddenly decided-on pose. She was bound to have read of the case in the papers, and, since ordinary travellers did not usually amuse themselves on a railway journey by playing with double handfuls of jewels, she was probably already putting two and two together. Well he certainly wasn't going to take any unnecessary risks at this stage. It would be a simple matter to shove her body out of sight under the seat. He would wait until the train rattled over the next viaduct, and then . . .



## SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

### FOUR PRESENTATION PLATES in Colours:

- "THE MUSIC LESSON." From the Painting by GABRIEL METSU (1630-1667).  
 "MRS. SCOTT." From the Painting by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792).  
 "GIRL WITH CHERRIES IN HER HAT." From the Painting by AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919).  
 "THE DROWSY LANDLADY." From the Painting by GABRIEL METSU (1630-1667).

COVER-PICTURE in Colours: "THE END OF THE VOYAGE." From a Painting by SIR OSWALD BRIERLY (1817-94), who did much work for *The Illustrated London News* during the Crimean War.

### "THE NURSERY-BOOK AND FAIRY-TALE FOLK MEET UPON THE ICE."

A Colour Page for Children, young and old.

"MISS ANNA MARIA MOCKELS—AND TULIPS"; AND "PORTRAIT OF MISS MOCKELS—AND TAME BIRD." Reproduced in colour from the Full-Length Canvases by JACOB GERRITSZ CUYP (1575-1650?).

Charming child portraits in the formal Dutch style.

"THROUGH ONE WINDOW MEN BEHELD THE SPRING . . . AND THROUGH ANOTHER SAW THE SUMMER GLOW." From the Paintings by BALTHASAR VAN DER AST (1590-1656).

Two marvellous Still-Lives; reproduced in Colour.

"ON THE SLIDE." A full-page reproduction in Colour of a painting of a rosy-cheeked Victorian on the Yule-tide ice.

### ECHOES OF AN AGE OF INNOCENCE.

Three Pages of illustrations in Colour of Children's Picture-books of a Hundred Years Ago; and a descriptive article.

"LA VIERGE DE TOLÈDE." A Reproduction in Colour of a masterly *gouache* by the leading modern painter, PICASSO.

"SCENES FROM JAVANESE LEGENDS." Reproductions in Colour from the Drawings by JEUNE SCOTT-KEMBALL, the Characters being based upon the Puppets in the Javanese Shadow Theatre.

"THE NEW ARRIVAL." A Centre Double-Page Reproduction in Colour from the Painting by EUGÈNE BAUGNIES (1842-91). Homage to Baby in mid-Nineteenth-Century France.

NOTE.—All the characters in the fiction in this number are imaginary.

"THE FRAGRANT CONCUBINE," HSIANG FEI." "A COURT SHEPHERDESS, FAMILIAR OF HSIANG FEI." Two pages in Colour recalling one of the most romantic tales of the East.

"AN EQUIVALENT TO SNAPSHOTS IN DAYS GONE BY." Sketches of his children by NICHOLAS POCOCK, the late Eighteenth-Century Marine Painter; reproduced in Colour.

"THE CHARM OF OLD MARINE PAINTINGS: FAIR WINDS AND FOUL IN THE DAYS OF SAIL AND WOODEN WALLS."

Two Pages of Reproductions in Colour of Old English Marine Paintings.

"FRATERNAL CRITICISM: ADRIAEN AND WILLEM VAN DE VELDE." An extraordinarily detailed evocation of a seventeenth-century studio by the greatest of French historical painters, MEISSONIER; Reproduced in Colours.

"THE WITCH HUNT"; a Drawing in Colour of all the elaborate "anti-witch precautions" of the credulous Middle Ages. By MURIEL A. BRODERICK.

"THE BLUE-STOCKINGS." From the Painting entitled "Les Femmes Savantes," by C. R. LESLIE, R.A.

A highly amusing narrative-picture; reproduced in Colour.

### OUR SHORT STORIES.

"DARKNESS." An ingenious detective story by A. E. D. SMITH. Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.B.A.

"MUSIC IN THE BARN." A romantic Christmas tale with an unusual background; by MARGUERITE STEEN, Author of "Unicorn." Illustrated by KENNETH INNS.

"NEW MURDERS FOR OLD." A powerful thriller by JOHN DICKSON CARR, Author of "Death in Five Boxes," etc. Illustrated by W. R. S. STOTT.

"DIBBER'S GOOD DEED." Another story about the inimitable dog, Dibber; by EDWARD D. DICKINSON. Illustrated by EDMUND BLAMPIED.

"TO BE COUNTING THE SWANS." A haunting tale of Ireland, by KATE O'BRIEN. Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.B.A.

Continued.]

He smiled snakily at her as he slipped his hand into his jacket pocket and caressed his automatic. "You're wondering, I suppose," he asked smoothly, "what I'm doing with all this stuff on my lap?"

Her large, violet eyes flickered as though in surprise, and seemed to wander uncertainly over his face for a moment before fixing themselves in a curious blank stare on a point above his head. "I don't know what you've got in your lap," she said simply. "I'm blind."

"Blind? But you don't look blind!"

"My dear man," she laughed, "surely you know that heaps of blind people possess eyes that outwardly seem quite normal? I am stone blind—have been so ever since I was a little girl."

He withdrew his hand from his pocket. She was blind! Talk about the favour of his dark gods! He said, in a voice he tried to make sound sympathetic: "But how do you come to be travelling alone? It isn't very safe, is it?"

Again she laughed. It was the pleasant little laugh of a perfectly serene and happy woman. "I assure you that I'm just as capable of travelling alone as you are. Blindness brings its own compensations, you know; an acute sharpening of the other senses, for instance. And lots of us develop that sixth sense—intuition, if you will, that may even enable us to describe the person to whom we are talking."

"What! Do you mean to say you could actually describe me?" he demanded.

She hesitated for a moment, and again her eyes wandered a little before fixing themselves in an unseeing stare above his head. "Well, you're 'public school,' of course," she said slowly; "and I rather fancy you're tall and fair and reasonably good-looking."

He chuckled inwardly. "Public school" happened to be right enough, but physically he was short and stocky, and swarthy as a Spaniard. So much for the "intuition" of the blind.

"By Jove, that's really marvellous!" he exclaimed, with feigned astonishment. "Tall and fair it is—though hardly good-looking." Very quietly he rolled the jewels in his handkerchief and thrust them into his breast pocket. "Now let me see if you can tell me what I was doing when you woke up."

"That's almost easy," she smiled. "I heard the snap of a spring-catch, and a sort of rustling. You were opening a sandwich-box, of course, though I haven't yet heard you beginning to eat. And that reminds me that I'm a little hungry myself, and I think I hear them announcing tea. Yes, here is the attendant. Waiter, would you mind guiding me to the restaurant-car?"

She rose, and he watched her delicate, questing finger-tips feel for the door-edge and lay themselves lightly on the attendant's sleeve as she

joined the trickle of passengers making their way along the corridor. He himself, however, anxious to be seen by as few people as possible, remained in his seat. He had been without sleep for nearly thirty hours and, left to himself in the quiet of the empty compartment, almost before he was aware of it he began to doze.

It was the sub-conscious realisation that the train was grinding to a standstill that at length aroused him. He sat up with a start, to find his fellow-traveller, who must have returned to her seat without his hearing her, also apparently just awaking from another nap. "What's the matter—why are we stopping?" she asked. "I thought this was a non-stop train."

"It's supposed to be," he informed her. "I'll find out if anything is wrong." Thrusting his head out of the carriage window he saw they were standing in a dimly-lit wayside station. A little way up the deserted platform the guard and another official—presumably the local station-master—appeared to be in earnest consultation. Then the guard turned and waved his lamp. "It's all right, Sir," he volunteered cheerfully as he passed. "A signal temporarily jammed—that's all. We're off right away."

An hour later the train, having made up the few minutes' delay, was sliding into Lime Street Station, Liverpool, dead on time. The "Baron" turned to collect his case, and as he did so the carriage door was flung open and two pairs of hefty arms grabbed him from behind and hauled him rudely and swiftly backwards on to the platform. "Afraid you'll have to call it a day, 'Baron,'" drawled one of his captors, and in a twinkling he found himself handcuffed between two detectives.

Dazed with the suddenness and utter unexpectedness of the disaster, he was dully aware of the charming voice of his late fellow-passenger apparently explaining something to a big, jovial-looking man in a fur-collared overcoat. . . . "Of course, I'd read about the case in the papers, and when I saw all those wonderful jewels in the ugly brute's lap I put two and two together at once. I was sure he'd try to murder me if he thought I suspected him, so I just did a little bit of my stuff until I could communicate my suspicions to the train staff. They stopped at a little wayside station specially to send off the wire."

"Wonderful woman—as always!" boomed her companion. He suddenly swung her round to face the "Baron." "Here, mister—might as well be properly introduced. Meet Miss Elma Staines, the actress. Bin starring for the last eight months as the blind heroine in my latest winner, 'Darkness,' y' know."

THE END.



*Greetings*



*From*  
*John Dewar & Sons Ltd*

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# THE NURSERY-BOOK AND FAIRY-TALE FOLK MEET UPON THE ICE.

Be historians never so ponderous, they cannot hope to imprint the fame of their great ones upon our minds so deeply as that of the trivial little people—who never even existed—seen in this drawing. Here the nursery world is disporting itself upon the ice, some, like Jack and Jill, retaining the propensities which have made them famous, but others, like the Three Bears, and Goldilocks, entering a new and more sportive phase. True, the wolf has leapt from the bed and is chasing Little Red Riding Hood; but Little Jack Horner and Little Polly Flinders and Tommy Tucker carry on undisturbed. Tom Thumb is pulling on his boots; Tom, the Piper's Son, is busy piping; and on the ice are to be seen Hansel and Gretel, Struwwelpeter, Little Boy Blue and Georgie Porgie and Alice. (DRAWING BY A. GROVES-RAINES.)





"MISS ANNA MARIA MOCKELS—AND TULIPS": BY JACOB GERRITSZ CUYP.

Both the charming child-portraits reproduced on these pages have one point in common which is slightly surprising to modern eyes: the utterly adult dress of both the Miss Mockels. This, of course, would have passed unnoticed by Cuyp's contemporaries, since it was the usual practice of the period. Even apart from their costume, however, the Miss Mockels, in face and general bearing, seem astonishingly grown-up. This last, again, is a not uncommon trait in 16th- and 17th-century Dutch portraiture of the children.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE RT. HON. THE VISCOUNT BEARSTED.

[Continued opposite.]





**"PORTRAIT OF MISS MOCKELS—AND TAME BIRD"; BY JACOB GERRITSZ CUYP.**

*Continued.* of the well-to-do—in contrast to the deliciously child-like children appearing in scenes of village life, such as those by Jan Steen. Jacob Gerritsz Cuyp was born at Dordrecht in 1575. The date of his death is uncertain; but he is known to have been alive in 1649. He is principally famous for his portraits, though he occasionally painted views of towns, battle-scenes, and landscapes. His son, Aelbert Cuyp, is, of course, particularly celebrated for his pastoral landscapes.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE RT. HON. THE VISCOUNT BEARSTED.





“THROUGH ONE WINDOW MEN BEHELD THE SPRING . . .

FROM THE PAINTING BY B. VAN DER AST.

A remarkable *nature morte* by Balthasar Van Der Ast, a Utrecht painter of the early 17th century—as fine and unusual an example of his work as exists.

*Reproduction by Courtesy of Mr. Eugene Slatter, 35, Bury Street, St. James's, S.W.1.*





. . . AND THROUGH ANOTHER SAW THE SUMMER GLOW.”

FROM THE PAINTING BY B. VAN DER AST.

Another magnificent still-life by Balthasar Van Der Ast, who painted small pictures of flowers and fruit in the manner of Brueghel, with insects, shells and drops of water.

*Reproduction by Courtesy of Mr. Eugene Slatter, 35, Bury Street, St. James's, S.W.1.*





### ON THE SLIDE.

A rosy-cheeked early Victorian enjoys herself sliding on the Yule-tide ice in the days before universal skating.

FROM THE PAINTING BY RICHARD AUDELL (1815-1885).



# MUSIC IN THE BARN

By

MARGUERITE STEEN,

Author of "Unicorn," "Return of a Heroine," and "Family Ties."

Illustrated by

KENNETH INNS.



DIDN'T need to look at Long, because I knew he'd got the same idea as me. Thought-reading's what you might call a *sine qua non* in a line like ours; we'd got quite in the way of it. Long and I had run our line pretty successfully on the whole, and if it hadn't been for a bit of lighthearted carelessness in San Sebastian, we wouldn't have been on our way across the frontier in a second-hand trick-box like the old Citroën that lay down a couple of miles past the Arneguy Customs. (We came that way because they're tough at Irun, and I know a chap who likes me at Arneguy.) I'd got my passport and Long had borrowed one—the same place he borrowed the car. All that doesn't matter; we were sitting on the side of the road, swearing like fish-porters, when along comes the Alfa-Romeo and slithers to a full-stop about twenty yards ahead of our signal. Oh, boy! Do you believe in Santa Claus? I felt like a kid who had just hung up his Christmas stocking. Yes, this happened on December 24 in the year 19—never mind.

The fellow who was driving got out and came back to us—light-brown Jaeger travelling coat with a beaver collar and ditto gloves; toff undergraduate style. English. I ask you—!

Well, I pulled a good line about wanting to get to La Pallice to meet my daughter, who was coming out to spend Christmas with her Daddy; and he bought it—though I saw him looking rather cannily at Long. And no wonder. I used to get sick of telling Long he didn't make the best of himself: not, mind you, that it would have been easy to make anything good out of a face like Long's. Kids cried at the sight of it; he looked what he was—a killer. Don't get me wrong: he didn't make a line of it. But it seemed like his mind just turned naturally, in the first place, to killing, and then had to work backwards, generally under somebody else's influence, to something less drastic and inconvenient for all parties. Now and again, of course, it stuck. . . . If he was here now I guess I shouldn't be telling this yarn, which he always took as a blot on his reputation. Maybe he was right; you're tough all through, or you're not tough, so you're no good in Long's line. You can take it Long was good. Anyhow, I'd hate to hurt his feelings.

Well, this chap said he'd take us as far as Bayonne, so we left the Citroën where it was and put our stuff in the Alfa-Romeo—and I guess you couldn't hear the engine for the way Long's brains and mine were buzzing as we tore on towards St. Jean Pied-du-Port. Long was in the back, and I was in front with the chap—keeping up light conversation; and by the time I mentioned casually that I'd taken the road from Spain four months ago and found a short cut that saved nearly an hour from the frontier to Biarritz, I'd got the whole position pretty well taped: young Carden—as we'll call him—giving me, incidentally, lots of assistance by practically reeling off the story of his life—I suppose by way of entertainment. There ought to be a course at the 'varsities for youths like him; it's not fair on them that pays the bills to turn 'em out as green as all that.

To give him his due, he didn't bite at once on the short-cut story; the winter had been soft so far, but there was plenty of snow on the hills and more to come down—by the look of things; the sky sagged like a dirty old canvas on the tops of the Hartsamendis. I didn't press the point, but when we stopped for juice at Eyharce, I remarked carelessly to Long that this was the place I'd told him of, where you could cut a big chunk off the journey if you felt inclined.

"Of course, it's a snorter of a climb, and the surface isn't so good in spots," I pointed out. "Perhaps you're right—it's not fair on the car."

"Hey!" said young Carden. "Do you know this car would go up the side of a house?"



If you've ever been in the Basses Pyrénées about sundown you know how the darkness seems to gulp up the landscape. . . . While Carden was fighting with the starting-handle, we got our first chance to talk.

I'd better explain what was in the back of my mind. I know the French Basque country well, and I knew it wasn't going to be easy to get hold of that car, so long as we stuck to any of the main routes. It was the sort of car people remember, and there was quite a lot of Christmas traffic moving around. Once off the high road, however, I knew just the spot where we could drop our young friend without any fuss or bother; and then he'd have a nice, sharp walk of seven or eight miles before he came to one of the Basque villages—where it would be quite a while before he made himself understood: one of the bits of information he'd let out being that he didn't know a word of Basque!

The one snag was I couldn't impart this idea to Long. By the time we'd had our drinks in the little bar behind the pumps, Carden had betted me he'd knock a quarter of an hour off my short cut—setting the power of his Alfa-Romeo against the Hispano in which I claimed to have done the journey. I took it, and when he pulled out his note-case to pay for the petrol—you should have seen Long's face! I tried to give him a wink of reassurance; yes, with the car and that case in our pockets, we'd be on clover.

Now, my plan would have gone fine if we hadn't hit a bad patch of soft snow which the wind had carried off the mountain-face and dumped in one of the dips. The engine stopped, and it took the three of us the better part of an hour to dig ourselves out. After that, things started to go wrong one after another: the self-starter wouldn't work and the light began to go. If you've ever been in the Basses Pyrénées about sundown you know how the darkness seems to gulp up the landscape before you turn round. There was nowhere to turn the car, and that meant running backwards for something like three-quarters of a mile





I couldn't see how many there were, and they stood still, as though they were scared, beyond the edge of the light. Then a man came slowly forward, and, as the light fell on his face, I saw he was a Spaniard.

on a switchback road with hairpin bends every hundred yards. Rock-face on the left, a 600-ft. drop on the right, and night galloping down the peaks didn't make it any more fascinating as a proposition.

While Carden was fighting with the starting-handle, we got our first chance to talk, and Long found the papers—driving licence, triptych, insurance—in one of the pockets. That cheered us up quite a bit, though Long, as I'd expected, was all against my plan. He wanted to make sure of things there and then. The engine started up before we'd finished arguing, and then, after about half an hour of nightmare—it felt like a fortnight—while we crawled back along the road, we hit another track and followed the headlights, hoping for the best. It was pitch-black by now; our breath froze on the windscreen, and we were glad to see the inn.

The landlord said there wasn't a bed in the place, because of a party that had taken all his rooms for a vulture-shoot on Christmas Day. However, we got the car under cover—the garage was full, but there was a big sort of barn, where the shooting-party had stabled their mules. The best they could offer us was an empty store-room that stank pretty badly of rotten apples; it stuck out from the house on piles, opposite the barn. We had some bags of hay and some old blankets, as well as the rugs out of the car; we might have been worse off.

They gave us some food that wasn't bad—at any rate, it was hot. The vulture-hunters had gone to bed, and presently the landlord asked us if we wanted anything more, as he wanted to lock up. We said that was all right, and he dropped the big wooden bars into their slots each side of the door, said good-night, and left us by ourselves.

There wasn't much chat. Thinking I'd messed up the whole thing, Long was sulking, and Carden was mad with the pair of us because we'd let him in for this schemozzle and he couldn't even get word to his friends in Bayonne who were expecting him. Yes; the telephone wires were down with the recent snows. I nearly grinned when they told us. Santa Claus hadn't spoiled the ship for a ha'porth of tar! At the same time, I got one or two queer looks from Carden that made me wonder if he'd guessed something. I suppose there's a limit—even to 'varsity nitwittedness.

Except when one of us moved, the place was as quiet as if it had been sealed up in a vacuum; you could *feel* the silence, piled up in chunks against the walls, which the Basques build solid, to hold out their vicious winters. And it struck me suddenly that a sound I'd taken for the plopping of a dripping tap wasn't water at all.

It came from outside—a faint, clopping noise that got louder. Long's head went up. Carden stared from one to the other of us and said, "What's that?" We all got the same thought, I fancy: that if there was any human being abroad on a night like that—it was freezing hard—they weren't likely to be there of their own choice or free will.

Well, we lifted the bolts, and there was a sort of star-light, and the cold stung; and just outside the patch of light the open door let out on the ground, we saw a little group of people. I couldn't see how many there were, and they stood still, as though they were scared, beyond the edge of the light. Then a man came slowly forward, and as the light fell on his face, I saw he was a Spaniard. He'd got that narrow, stupefied, half-starved look of the peasant, and the upper part of his body was bundled about with as bad a collection of rags as I've ever seen—even in Spain, where poverty's taken for granted. There was some wine left of the last bottle we had ordered, and I signed him to come in, but he shook his head and looked back into the darkness, where we now made out a mule and a figure that leaned heavily against it.

Long asked him what he wanted, and he answered—in a thick *patois* that showed he wasn't Basque—a place to rest for him and his wife.

Well, to cut a long story short, we showed him the barn. I didn't know what the landlord would say, but it seemed the only thing to do. Nobody could have stayed alive out of doors. Carden took his flashlamp and showed them the way across the courtyard. The mule was in a bad way, and the woman didn't seem much better. I didn't see her face, or whether she was young or old, but it was all she could do, leaning on the mule, to drag her way after the man and Carden, who came back presently, saying they seemed to be all right, and we all went up to our store-room, where Carden wished us good-night, dragged his sack of hay into a far corner, and was snoring in less than ten minutes. Long made sure the snoring was genuine before he opened out.

"And now what?"

"It's all right. I've got it all fixed for to-morrow."

"To-morrow! I'll tell you what it is, Bull: you're yellow."

"Nobody tells me I'm yellow, Long. Find another word."

"I say—you're haywire. Why the hell didn't you get it done while we'd got the chance?"

"We're putting on no corpses in this act; I've got a feeling they ain't lucky. Anyhow, there's no need for it." The landlord had shown me, on a plan of the mountains, exactly where we were, and I tried to explain to Long—who didn't know this part of the country—the spot I'd chosen for the shanghaiing act to-morrow. Incidentally, I'd pinched the plan, for fear of young Carden's getting hold of it. Provided he hadn't got a compass—a fifty-to-one chance—I reckoned we could be nearly as far as Bordeaux before he made contact with anybody likely to give us trouble. At Bordeaux Long had a pal who was an expert in fitting up cars with new number-plates, changing the colour and even the coachwork, and selling them off to people who were going abroad; a very good line—I'd have liked to go in for it myself. I'd worked out our rake-off as well; it would nicely cover the mishap at San Sebastian.

"That's all very nice, Bull, but suppose it didn't make out that way?"

I know Long. When he returns you the soft answer it means his mind is made up. He thought it was safer to kill Carden, and, of course, he might be right. I lay on my back, thinking about it. Long was a good working partner, but sometimes I didn't agree with his methods. He had a way of exaggerating. . . .

"What the hell's got them mules?" he said suddenly.

The mules were certainly playing it up in the barn. You know what mules are: one starts it, then the whole silly lot chime in, squealing and kicking and plunging around as if they'd got red-hot poker under their tails. I guessed it was rats, and wasn't going to bother, but Long went to the window and looked across the yard, and I heard him swear.

"It's those damn gipsies! They've got a light."

There was certainly a pale, unsteady sort of light in the window of the barn.

"They'll set the place on fire! I guess we'll have to go down."

Carden was sound asleep. We found a kind of back stair and a little door that opened straight into the courtyard. The light was quite clear and bright in the window as we crossed the yard, but as we got to the barn door it went out.

"Heard us coming," grunted Long, as he pulled open the door. It took the breath out of us both to gape into the soundless, motionless darkness inside. Three minutes ago, more or less, the mules had been plunging about in a fandango that could surely be heard half-way up the mountain. When I struck a match, there they were, staring over their shoulders as though butter wouldn't melt in their mouths, blinking at the flame, with their ears flattened out and an imbecile expression of inquiry on their faces. I made sure the car was well out of the range of their heels, if they started up again, and shouted to the man and woman, whom I couldn't see anywhere. I remembered, however, seeing between the car and the end wall, when we ran in, a pile of straw, and guessed they'd have bedded down on it. The man came stumbling round the back of the car while I waited; like the mules, he blinked at the match-flame.

"What are you doing?"

He didn't seem able to grasp it at first; he looked half-sleepy, half-scared.

"Sleeping, Señor."

"Have you got a light?"

"No, Señor."

"Matches? A lighter?"

"No, Señor."

It was obvious he wasn't lying. I told him sharply to mind what he was doing, and we walked along the barn to make sure things were all right. The mules all seemed to have settled down, and there were two old white cows, at the far end, who went on chewing their cud without even bothering to look round. We went back to the house.



Long and I talked a bit more in whispers—that broke off when we heard a rustle in Carden's corner. We looked at each other across the oil-lantern they'd given us, because there was no other sort of light in the store-room, and Long got up very quietly, with his right hand going round to his hip. Of course, if Carden had been shamming sleep and eavesdropping, we'd got no choice, and I was just thinking what a darned nuisance it was turning out, when Carden spoke.

"Did you hear it, too?"

He was lying on his back, with the lantern-light glinting in his open eyes; but he didn't seem at all surprised or taken aback at Long and me standing over him.

"Hear what?"

"A sort of music."

"Sort of what?"

"I guess you're tone-deaf, aren't you? That's mules," I said. I was pretty certain he wasn't pulling our legs.

"Rot! I heard the mules. I believe those people are singing. It sounded a bit like flamenco. They can't be singing flamenco, can they—out there in the cold?"

Well, we listened, and we didn't hear anything—not then. Presently Carden turned over on his side and said he must have been dreaming, and pulled the blanket over his head. Long looked at me, but I shook mine.

I don't think Long was satisfied, but we tucked ourselves up as best we could and tried to sleep. It wasn't comfortable, and it was very cold. I thought I'd light a cigarette, and I'd just found the matches when I heard a board creak.

It was Carden, tiptoeing to the window. At the same time I heard the other thing—a kind of faint music. The mules had stopped making a row, and the music came only in snatches—as much like an orchestra tuning-up as anything, but so faint I'd begun to think I imagined it, when Carden turned round and beckoned me. And there again, in the window of the barn, was the light.

"You don't think they're crazy enough to have made a fire?" he asked. I swore, because I didn't see what sort of a night this was, groping up and down those stairs after a couple of darn gypsies. It was odd, too, that nobody else seemed to be disturbed by the goings-on in the barn; I found out next morning how this was—our room was the only one on that side of the house that wasn't shuttered.

"Listen! They're jolly well making a night of it. I'm going to see they don't start playing games with the car," said Carden. So down we went—I for the second time. I didn't see any point in waking Long, and Carden didn't seem to make anything of me knowing the way—maybe he was thinking of the car.

The light was there clear enough in the window of the barn when we got outside. It was pale and pinkish, and flickered like a candle; sometimes it nearly went out, then it shone quite steady for four or five seconds, then started to flicker again. And there was certainly a kind of singing—though I couldn't make out any tune.

The window was well above our heads, but Carden gave me a leg and I managed to get hold of one of the iron bars and pull myself up, so my chin was above the sill. There was no glass, of course. I looked through, and there was nothing but the pitch dark. Carden tried and came off no better. I guess we shared the same sentiments as we ran along to the door; the notion of a 350,000-franc car at the mercy of a gipsy's bonfire's enough to limber up a one-legged man, in my opinion.

The first thing we saw was that all the mules had been turned round. They'd been tied up, of course, with their heads towards the wall; there was a row of rings, and the halter-ropes were run through them in the usual fashion. And there they all were, facing towards the door, with a soft sort of look as if they'd been caught doing something they oughtn't. They weren't making any fuss or trying tricks on each other, though the ropes were loose and trailing on the ground; they might have been a line of circus ponies, waiting for the ringmaster's sign. Their breath was puffing out in clouds on the icy air, and one pushed his nose out and gave a sort of whinny, very soft and sentimental. I've never heard a mule be sentimental before. The others looked at him, then looked back at the flashlamp which Carden was swinging round the walls.

"Where are they?"

I walked round the back of the car, and Carden followed me with the light. The straw was there, a bit scattered and trodden, but there was nothing else.

They'd gone; and before going they'd let the mules loose—some sort of gipsy spite, I supposed, though it seemed a poor sort of return for a night's lodging. We looked in the corner where the cows were, then we tied the mules up; they made no bother about it—they just turned round and stood with their heads where their tails had been, like kids put in the corner for punishment. There were about ten of them, I think; Carden started one end of the line and I at the other, and he'd got the torch; it didn't throw much light my way. I heard him say, "I say, look here!"

I finished tying up the one I was on and went along the line. Carden had his hand on the halter of a little, thin beast that hung its head to the ground; when he pulled the rope to make it move I saw it was dead lame, with the first joint of the off foreleg swollen up like a pumpkin.

"That's the Spaniard's mule; so they've not gone, after all!"

It didn't look like it. The gypsies, or whatever they were, weren't likely to have left their beast—unless they pinched another in its place, which seemed to me more than likely. This poor brute wouldn't have stood up to another day in the mountains.

"How many were there to start with?"

"I haven't a notion."

We fixed up the little lame mule, then Carden took his flash and sent the beam slowly round every inch of the wall and flooring. You know

the sort of light a lamp like that gives: on the torch pattern, with an extra-big bulb and reflector. It shone in the cellulose of the car like a headlight—and gave us both the same idea.

I don't know why we hadn't thought of it before. It was perishing cold in the barn, and that straw in the corner was pretty damp and dirty.

The man was asleep on the floor, with his shoulder wedged between the door and the seat, and his neck hanging down as if it was broken. And the woman was lying along the back seat, with, if you please, a new-born kid, which she was suckling, in her arms. She had her eyes closed and looked as near out as anyone I remember seeing. She was quite young, too; maybe she was pretty, in the ordinary way of things. I guess you don't look pretty at times like that.

Carden said, "Poor devils! Don't let's wake them up." I didn't argue the point, because by then I could hardly feel my fingers or toes for the cold. I turned round rather quick and jogged Carden's elbow, and the torch fell out of his hand and rolled on the floor. The shock must have jerked his finger on to the trigger as well, for as bad luck would have it, the light went out. We didn't feel like groping about that filthy floor in the dark, so we left it, and crawled towards the door. I went first—and bumped into Long, who started to swear. I'm bigger than he was, and, thinking he might say something indiscreet—not having seen Carden—I clapped my hands over his mouth. Carden pushed past us both, muttering something—I suppose the loss of his torch was the last straw—and when I heard the house-door clap, I let go of Long.

"You double-crossing swine, Bull!"

"You'd better see a doctor for your nerves," I told him. "Who's double-crossing you?"

"You thought you'd get away on the q.t., did you? Try that once, Bull, and you won't try it again!"

"Be your age!" I said. "You know I don't play that line. Carden thought the car was on fire——"

Long dug his fingers into my arm.

"You great sap! Carden's heard something! I knew he had—for all that eyewash about music. He was meaning to get away—and you scotched his little game, didn't you? Then you thought it wasn't a bad idea to clear out as well—collaring the swag. Wasn't that it?"

"You've got it wrong. Carden got me to come down with him because he heard something and saw the light again——"

"You stick to your story, Bull; but I'll finish my night in the car, and if that chap comes down again I'll see he doesn't mess up any more of our plans."

"As you like," I said. "If you're going to spend the rest of the night in the car, I'd better warn you you'll have company. There's a woman and a new-born kid on the back seat."

That dried him up. He didn't believe it, until we struck matches and had another look at the Spaniards, who, for all the notice they took of us, might have been dead.

(Continued on page 19.)



Carden gave me a leg and I managed to get hold of one of the iron bars and pull myself up . . . I looked through, and there was nothing but the pitch dark.





FOR a hundred years and more the grimmest Puritanism ruled in the English nursery. Boys and girls were looked upon as brands to be snatched from the burning. Woe to the little "vessel" who was unfortunate enough to have a pretty face! This is how James Janeway, highly esteemed writer of books for children from the days of Charles II. onward, describes her fearful peril:

When by spectators I am told  
What beauty doth adorn me,  
Or in a glass when I behold  
How sweetly God did form me,

Hath God such comeliness bestowed  
And in me made to dwell,  
What pity such a pretty maid  
As I should go to Hell!

This is typical of Janeway, and most of the eighteenth century was a Janeway period in the nursery.

The terror and utter, impenetrable boredom that such juvenile reading suggests must have been calculated to drive any spirited child to the bad out of sheer desperation. Perhaps, after all, the "wicked" periods in our history—the Restoration, the Regency, and the *Fin de Siècle*—owed their depravity to the simple fact that boys and girls who had writhed in Puritan nurseries in the seventeenth century, the worst Janeway period in the eighteenth, and the Early Victorian, had grown up and were reacting from their childhood.

But when we come to the early part of the nineteenth century it is a mistake to think of children being entirely confined to books like "The Fairchild Family" and "Little Arthur's England." Somewhere, somehow, nature must break out, and there is always nonsense. Nonsense verse parodies pomposity and turns it upside down; and nonsense affords an escape to irreverence without giving authority any pretext for intervention. Incidentally, nonsense has a very respectable pedigree in England, going back to such worthies as Skelton and Shakespeare's clowns.

One of the earliest such escapes in children's literature was written in 1807, by a very solemn person, a Liverpool statistician, whose name further enjoyed the lustre reflected upon it from a life of Pope Leo X. It is strange to see how many of the best nursery fantasies have been written by very great and worthy people. "Alice in Wonderland" was by a mathematical don. Edward Lear was a painstaking, if unexceptional, landscape artist and bird-painter. A Bank of England secretary is known to fame as the author of the "Wind in the Willows"; and great ones like Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton produce "Cautionary Tales for Children" of captivating absurdity.

But to return to the Liverpool statistician. William Roscoe was his name. Bored to death with a civic entertainment in 1807, he came home and wrote a comic version of it for the benefit of his family, and called it the "Butterflies' Ball." This got into print, illustrated with very quaint, Lear-esque cuts, giving human faces to the creatures—intended, perhaps, for portraits of the original Liverpool personages. Once it had been published, the demand for it became phenomenal. Evidently this type of nonsense was exactly what the nursery of the period was panting for, and swarms of imitations followed. The "Butterflies' Ball" is now regarded as a landmark in the history of children's books.

A less ambitious, but far more famous piece of nursery nonsense of the days just before the Regency was "Old Mother Hubbard." It was not a traditional nursery-rhyme. It was, in fact, composed by a young lady, in the year before the "Butterflies' Ball." Like Edward Lear's most appealing nonsense, "Old Mother Hubbard" was the product of a state of unhappiness and emotional tension. Sara Catherine Martin was the daughter of an Admiral under whose command sailed the Prince who was later to be William IV. The Prince fell in love with the Admiral's daughter, but she, as duty bound her, discouraged the royal advances, and her father sent her away for a long period to stay with friends in the little village of Yealmpton, in Devon. She did not go into a decline; but she wrote "Mother Hubbard."

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard  
To give the poor dog a bone.  
When she came there the cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor dog had none.

Let Freudians toy with the imagery as they please; that and the succeeding verses are excellent nonsense, every couplet a jaunty assault on reason, jingling along with the authentic swing. In the old edition, from which the illustrations on the opposite page are taken, the pictures had great verve. Both the Dog and the Dame plainly enjoyed every minute of it. This attractive little "Mother Hubbard" was published by one John Harris, of St. Paul's Churchyard, of whom more shortly.

Most of the nursery nonsense produced in the early part of the nineteenth century would be considered very tame by modern children, to whom has been revealed the comic heights of the Marx Brothers and the enchanting dream-world of the Silly Symphonies. But "Young Paganini," cuts from which are reproduced on page 18, though artless, is interesting, now that the approaching centenary has reflected on to

## ECHOES OF AN AGE OF INNOCENCE: CHILDREN'S PICTURE-BOOKS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Paganini's name a pale glimmer of the dazzling glare of fame that lit it during his lifetime. Here was a weird figure in which dwellers in our weird modern world are becoming interested. An extravagantly bizarre ballet of Paganini achieved great success in London earlier this year; and next year the whole of Italy has planned to celebrate, perhaps even will celebrate, the Paganini centenary.

Paganini was a gambler, a Don Juan, unquestionably more than a little of a charlatan; he was widely believed to have sold himself to the Devil; and he was the greatest violin virtuoso who ever lived. His fame even penetrated to the nursery. To attract the young imagination, a little Paganini is brought in who receives his father's fiddle and plays with it a series of practical jokes such as children delight to imagine. To the music of this fiddle, as to the Magic Flute, all must dance—even the horses in the old bathing-machines at Margate. The young Queen dancing with the Prince Consort gives a date—she was married in 1840, which was, of course, the year of Paganini's death.

The permission given to Nonsense to enter the nursery represented a tremendous withdrawal on the part of Puritanism. Consider what it meant. Nonsense, like poetry, is "all lies." The Puritans would point out that young Paganini never could have had a magic fiddle, that Mother Hubbard never could have gone to buy her dog anything like a newspaper or a wig, that there never was such a thing as a "Butterflies' Ball." To put such things in printed books was to encourage the natural propensities of little minds to Falsehood and Vain Imaginations, and open a side door on to the Way to Destruction.

Others, more far-seeing, perceived that the propensities of little minds—that deplorable love of children for bright and gaudy things, for fantasy rather than solid fact—might be turned to useful purpose. And so we have the first attempts to teach children by appealing to their senses and

imagination. Much of this happy discovery is due to a solid old bookseller called John Newbery. John Newbery, who stands for ever in the temple of fame as the man to whom Dr. Johnson went out and sold the manuscript of the "Vicar of Wakefield" for cash down when he found Goldsmith in a desperate plight with his creditors. In return, Goldsmith wrote children's stories for Newbery, including "Goody Two-Shoes," or so many people profess to believe.

Scores and scores of children's books of all kinds came from Newbery in the course of the years, and the sensible old man saw what a field there was for lessons made amusing. "A Pretty Book of Pictures for Little Masters and Misses, or Tommy Trip's History of Beasts and Birds," was reputedly by Goldsmith; "A History of England, in Letters from a Nobleman to his Son" was certainly by him.

One of Newbery's successors in business was John Harris, of St. Paul's Churchyard, who made very charming productions of such things as "Tommy Trip's Museum," "Simple Stories in Words of One Syllable" (obviously a fore-runner of "Reading Without Tears"),

"The Infant's Grammar; or a Pic-Nic-Dinner of the Parts of Speech," and "Sir Harry Herald's Graphical Representation of the Dignitaries of England, showing the Costumes of Different Ranks. . . ."

They were gay and they were easy to read, like the John Harris books that supplied the illustrations on the following pages—quite different from the terrible old primers of Janeway's day, when a bewildered child was rushed straight from "Bat" and "Cat" to "Pre-des-tin-a-tion" and "Crypto-Arm-in-i-an-ism" and similar theological polysyllables, and the advanced sections were such snippets as "Marks of a True Christian" and "Names of the Devil."

Nowadays the charm of these brightly coloured products of Newbery and Harris has been fully recognised. Old children's books are rare. As a class they suffered very severely at the hands of their young owners when they were new—many still bear century-old pencil-marks. The modern collector appreciates their bizarre illustrations, their utter remoteness from the world of to-day. Scribbled-on trifles that an antique dealer would have gladly sold for a shilling a bundle twenty years ago were fetching two pounds apiece before the war. British Museum authorities do not now disdain to make pronouncements about the rare first edition of "Sir Hornbook; or Childe Launcelot's Expedition" (written by no less a person than Thomas Love Peacock), and there are solemn discussions over the misplaced pages in Lady Fenn's curious "Game of Grammar."

Here are echoes of a true age of innocence; of noisy days in those well-filled nurseries of the early nineteenth century, when the old prejudices about original sin in children had been toned down, and boys and girls were free (on weekdays, at any rate) to enjoy themselves. Instead of eternal damnation, the dangers of over-eating and fighting and unkind practical jokes are the sort of thing that the writers of such children's books as these warned against. Nor was there anyone to worry about the state of children's "psyches," because it had not occurred to our forefathers a hundred years before Freud that each little being was a possible psychiatrist's "case." These old children's books belong to a time when growing up was a simpler business than it is to-day, but was very far from being a dull one.

G. H. S.



The Fire-engine and top-hatted Fireman.



"Road-up" in the 1820's.

FAMILIAR SIGHTS OF THE 1820's WHICH HAVE THEIR COUNTERPARTS IN THE LONDON OF TO-DAY: THREE ENGRAVINGS FROM "CITY SCENES," A LITTLE PICTURE-BOOK FOR CHILDREN BROUGHT OUT BY JEFFREYS TAYLOR, BROTHER OF ANN AND JANE TAYLOR, OF "ORIGINAL POEMS" FAME.

Jeffreys Taylor was a young brother of the Ann and Jane Taylor whose "Original Poems for Infant Minds" by several young persons" included the oft-parodied "My Mother." Now London, instead of hand-engraves, has rotary fire-pumps and thousands of emergency trailers; the clatter of pneumatic drills has replaced the thud of the navy's rammer; "road-up" is no longer indicated by a bunch of straw on a string across the street; while instead of the kindly cow there are elaborate milk-bars.



"New Milk from the Cow, at Islington."





Old Mother Hubbard went to the Cupboard  
To give the poor Dog a bone  
When she came there, the cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor Dog had none.



She took a clean dish  
To get him some tripe;  
And when she came back  
He was smoking his pipe.



She went to the Alehouse  
To get him some beer;  
When she came back  
The Dog sat in a chair.



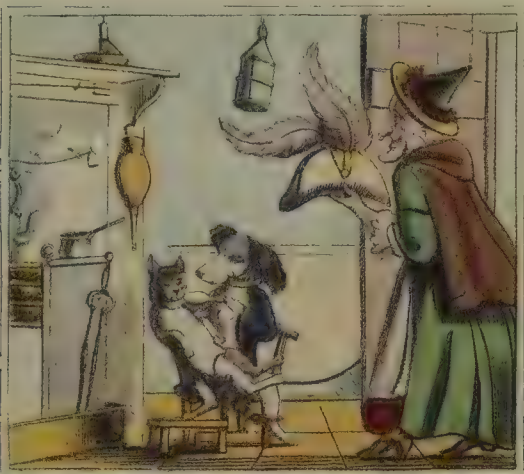
She went to the Tavern for white wine and red;  
And when she came back the Dog stood on his head.



She went to the Fruiterer's to buy him some fruit;  
When she came back he was playing the flute.



She went to the Tailor's to buy him a coat;  
When she came back he was riding a goat.



She went to the Hatter's to buy him a hat;  
When she came back he was feeding her cat.



She went to the Barber's to buy him a wig;  
When she came back he was dancing a jig.



She went to the Cobbler's to buy him some shoes;  
When she came back he was reading the news.



She went to the Sempstress to buy him some linen;  
When she came back the Dog was spinning.



She went to the Hosier's to buy him some hose;  
When she came back he was dressed in his clothes.

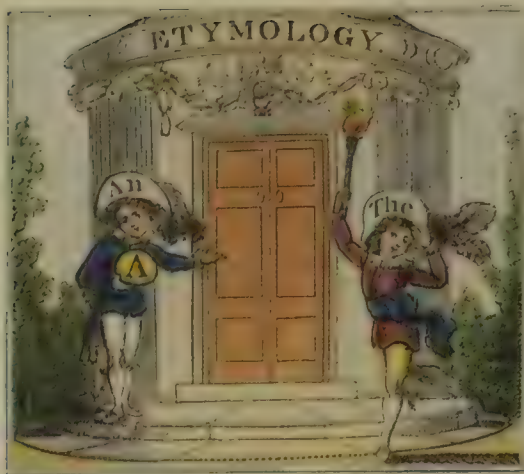


The Dame made a courtesy, the Dog made a bow;  
The Dame said, Your Servant, the Dog said, Bow-wow.

**"OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG" A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN EARLY VERSION OF THE FAMOUS NURSERY RHYME, WITH MOST ENGAGING COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS.**

Old Mother Hubbard dates from 1806, when it was written by a certain Miss Sara Martin. The copy from which these illustrations are reproduced bears the name "Cathie Vandeleur," and the date 1837. It was certainly printed long before that. The publisher was John Harris, a successor of Newbery the famous publisher of children's books. The full title was "The comic adventures of Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog; in which are shown the wonderful powers that good old lady possessed in the education of her favourite animal."





## THE ARTICLES.

An *A* and a *THE*, two *ARTICLES* small,  
Had on their best clothes, to attend at *THE* Ball;  
Like two little lackeys they stood at the door,  
That, when the *Nouns* came, they might run in before;  
The temple was wrapp'd in the shadows of night,  
But the torch of young *DEFINITE* gave a clear light.



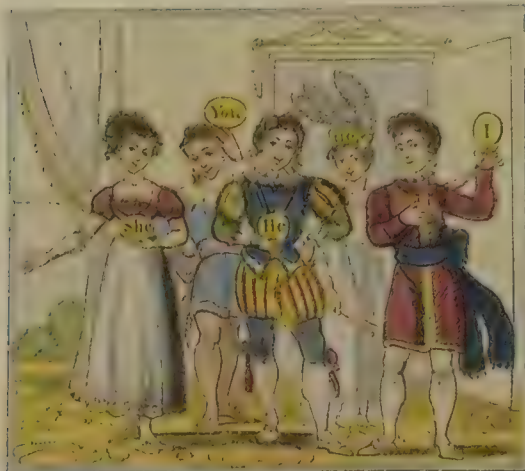
## THE NOUNS, OR SUBSTANTIVES.

The tribe of great *NOUNS*, whom we *SUBSTANTIVES* call,  
Although it was numerous, came one and all.  
There were *MR.* and *MRS.*, *MISS KITTY* and *SUE*,  
With *ANNA-MATILDA*, *MARIA*, and *PRUE*,  
*MASTERS HENRY* and *WILLIAM*, and *THOMAS*  
and *NICK*,  
And, trundling his *HOOP*, too, came in little *DICK*.  
These were all of the *FAMILY* proper; but then  
There came in such a *NUMBER* of *BOYS*, *MAIDS*  
and *MEN*,  
And such common *PEOPLE*, who brought in the *FARE*!  
What a *LOT* of *PLUMS*, *APPLES*, and *SWEET-*  
*MEATS* was there!



## THE ADJECTIVES.

Next the *ADJECTIVES* came, with grave, solemn faces,  
And wigs like the judges—they soon took their places  
Before the great *Nouns*, and turn'd round with a sneer,  
To tell what their virtues and qualities were.  
Some were *GOOD*, some were *BAD*, some *PRETTY*, some  
*MILD*,  
Some were *MODEST*, some *IMPUDENT*, *WICKED*,  
and *WILD*;  
They even pass'd judgment on things brought to eat,  
Said some were *DELICIOUS*, some *SOUR*, and some  
*SWEET*.



## THE PRONOUNS.

At this moment a bustle was heard at the door  
From a party of *PRONOUNS*, who came by the score.  
And what do you think? Why *I* vow and declare  
*THEY* would pass for the *Nouns* who already were there.  
And *THEIR* boldness was such, as *I* live *IT* is true,  
One declared *HE* was *I*, and one call'd *HIMSELF* *YOU*;  
*THIS*, *THAT*, and the *OTHER*, *THEY* claimed as  
*THEIR OWN*,  
But *WHO* *THEY* are really, will shortly be known.

THE INFANT'S GRAMMAR,  
OR  
A PIC-NIC PARTY OF THE  
PARTS OF SPEECH.

One day *I* am told, and, as it was cold,  
I suppose it occur'd in cold weather,  
The *NINE PARTS OF SPEECH*, having no one to  
teach,  
Resolv'd on a *PIC-NIC* together.

The *ARTICLE* mov'd, and the *PRONOUN* approv'd  
That the *NOUN* should preside at the feast;  
But the *ADJECTIVE* said, though the *Noun* might  
be head,  
The *VERB* should be none of the least.

Now loud was the call—*ETYMOLOGY HALL*!  
Run *ARTICLE*;—*SUBSTANTIVE* run:  
My Reader run too; and perhaps you may view  
Some scenes full of innocent fun.



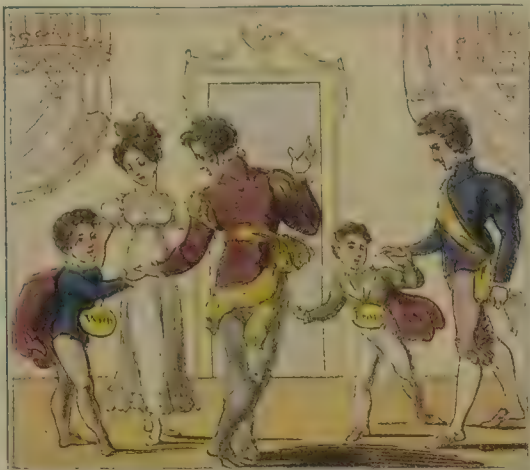
## THE VERBS.

Some actors of eminence made their appearance,  
And the servants, *Nouns* common, with speed made a  
clearance  
Of tables, chairs, stools and such movable things,  
As, wherever it goes, the *Noun* always brings.  
And these actors, the *VERBS*, when they'd room to  
*DISPLAY*  
Both *WRESTLED*, and *TUMBL'D*, and *GAMBOL'D*  
away;  
They *PLAY'D* and they *RAN*, they *JUMP'D* and they  
*DANC'D*,  
*FRISK'D*, *AMBL'D*, and *KICK'D*, *LAUGH'D*,  
*CHATTER'D*, and *PRANC'D*.



## THE ADVERBS.

And these had attendants, called *ADVERBS* by name:  
To teach the *Verbs* proper behaviour they came.  
They told them how they might more *GRACEFULLY*  
dance,  
More *QUICKLY* might run, or more *MERRILY* prance;  
They rous'd those that *LAZILY* slept on the floor,  
Made others, more *MANNERLY*, move from the door;  
And told how they *YESTERDAY* languish'd in sorrow,  
Though *SO* merry *TO-DAY*, and might still be  
*TO-MORROW*.



## THE CONJUNCTIONS.

The useful *CONJUNCTIONS* now came at a call,  
To superintend the concerns of the Ball,  
AND these soon began to join *Nouns* with each other,  
THOUGH 'tis not the fashion to dance with a brother.  
The sentences, too, they united together,  
With an *AND* and an *OR*,—BUT *I* ought to say rather  
The latter disjoined them, by coming between;  
For then back to back were the sentences seen;  
NOTWITHSTANDING the "*CONS*" would insist on  
uniting,  
THOUGH to turn from your partner appears rather  
slighting.



## THE INTERJECTION.

Having finished their Pic-nic, without much apology  
The party all quitted the hall Etymology;  
But such litter was scatter'd about in the room,  
That, when *INTERJECTION* came up with her broom,  
Her surprise was so great that she nothing could say  
But, O! *AH*! *ALAS*! *GOOD LACK*! *WELL-A-DAY*!





ROBERT'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH  
MR. STOPS.

Young Robert could read, but he gabbled so fast ;  
And ran on with such speed that all meaning he lost.  
Till one Morning he met Mr. Stops by the way,  
Who advised him to listen to what he should say.  
Then ent'ring the house, he a riddle repeated  
To show, WITHOUT STOPS, how the ear may be cheated.



MR. STOPS READING TO ROBERT  
AND HIS SISTER.

"Ev'ry lady in this land  
"Has twenty nails upon each hand  
"Five and twenty on hands and feet  
"And this is true without deceit."  
But when the stops were plac'd aright,  
The real sense was brought to light.



COUNSELLOR COMMA,  
marked thus ,

Here Counsellor Comma the reader may view,  
Who knows neither guile nor repentance ;  
A straightforward path he resolves to pursue  
By dividing short parts of a sentence ;  
As " Charles can sing, whistle, leap, tumble, and run, "  
Yet so BRIEF is each pause that he merely counts ONE.



ENSIGN SEMICOLON, marked thus ;

See, how Semicolon is strutting with pride !  
Into two or more parts he'll a sentence divide.  
As " John's a good scholar ; but George is a better ;  
One wrote a fair copy ; the other a letter."  
Without this gay ensign we little could do ;  
And when he appears we must pause and count TWO.



A COLON, marked thus :

The Colon consists of two dots, as you see ;  
And remains within sight whilst you count one, two, three :  
'Tis us'd when the sense is complete, tho' but part  
Of the sentence you're reading, or learning by heart.  
As " Gold is deceitful : it bribes to destroy,"  
" Young James is admired : he's a very good boy."



A PERIOD OR FULL STOP, marked thus .

The full-fac'd gentleman here shown  
To all my friends, no doubt is known :  
In him the PERIOD we behold,  
Who stands his ground while four are told ;  
And always ends a perfect sentence,  
As " Crime is followed by repentance."



THE INTERROGATIVE POINT ?

What little crooked man is this ?  
He's called INTERROGATION, Miss :  
He's always asking this and that,  
As " What's your name ? Whose dog is that ?"  
And for your answer he will stay  
While you, One, Two, Three, Four, can say.



THE EXCLAMATION POINT, or Note of Admiration !

This Youth, so struck with admiration,  
Is of a wondering generation,  
With face so long, and thin and pale,  
He cries, " Oh ! what a wonderful tale !"  
While you count four, he stops, and then,  
Admiring ! He goes on again.



A QUOTATION " "

Two commas standing on their heads,  
Their orders are obeying ;  
Two others, risen from their beds,  
Their best respects are paying :  
These four are ushers of much use,  
As they great authors introduce.

"PUNCTUATION PERSONIFIED, OR POINTING MADE EASY; BY MR. STOPS : A PLEASANT IDEA, DEVISED IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE IV., FOR HELPING YOUNG PEOPLE TO READ CORRECTLY BY MEANS OF COLOURED PICTURES.

"Punctuation Made Easy . ." is a companion to the "Pic-nic party of the Parts of Speech," from which we give eight illustrations on the opposite page. Children in the early 19th century were not entirely confined to things like "Little Arthur's England" and the terrifying "Fairchild Family" for their amusement and instruction. An immense amount of ingenuity had already been expended on making lessons easier to learn. The names of the people who thought out most of these amusing trifles are lost in obscurity, though probably John Newbery, the first publisher to specialise in children's books, was himself responsible for many of the ideas. Both "The Infant's Grammar" and "Mr. Stops" were brought out by a successor of Newbery, John Harris. "Mr. Stops" is dated 1822.





Great Paganini to London came,  
And fiddled his way to wealth and  
fame.  
Enough, he cried, my work is done,  
My magic fiddle I'll give to my son.  
Come hither, my darling, this fiddle take,

And, like your dad, your fortune  
make,  
Little Pag took the fiddle, and cried,  
with glee,  
I thank you: some fun with this fiddle  
I'll see:—



And first, like old Orpheus, I will see,  
If the Bears and the Monkeys will  
dance to me.  
So to Regent's Park he hied away,  
And there on his magic fiddle did play;  
The Lions and Tigers about did roll,

The Bears danced briskly up on their  
pole,  
The Monkeys skipped, and the Elephants  
danced,  
So much were the Beasts by his fiddle  
entranced.



To Margate, next, little Pag took a  
trip,  
Where Ladies and Gents were going  
to dip;  
The sea was smooth, and fair the day,  
Says Pag, on the deck, they shall  
dance away;

Pag tuned, and they all began to dance,  
Even the Horses that drew the machines,  
did prance:  
And never was seen such a sight  
before,  
As the sea displayed off Margate  
shore.



Pag, next, smartly dressed, at the  
Palace is seen,  
Making his bow to the Prince and  
Queen:  
Said the Queen,—your music I wish  
to hear:  
Pag played an air, so sweet and clear,

That the Prince and Queen, with  
courtiers all,  
At once commenced a Royal ball;  
While judges and soldiers, old and  
grey,  
Danced themselves young again, that  
day.

NURSERY NONSENSE OF THE 1840's; YOUNG PAGANINI'S PRANKS WITH HIS FATHER'S MAGIC FIDDLE, SHOWING THAT EVEN CHILDREN KNEW THE FAME OF THE WEIRD MAESTRO WHOSE CENTENARY FALLS NEXT YEAR.

In this lively jingle evoked by the fame of Paganini's incredible skill and of his charlatanism, "Little Pag" is seen charming the animals in the Zoo (then, already, in Regent's Park) with his fiddle; making the horses dance in the bathing-machines at Margate; and setting the young Queen and her Consort capering—the inclusion of the latter indicating that it cannot be before 1840, which was, of course, the year of Paganini's death.





"THE MUSIC LESSON"; BY GABRIEL METSU (1630-1667).

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



## MUSIC IN THE BARN.—(Continued from page 13).

"And that's not all about it, either," I added. "I've had enough of hay-sacks, and I'm going to spend the rest of the night downstairs. I guess you'd do better to keep me company. You're not much of a family man so far's I remember, Long."

Well, we found the sort of hall where we'd been before we went upstairs, and there was a bit of heat left in the wood-ash on the big brick hearth. We found the lights, and I had a look at my watch, which said twenty past two. Christmas morning.

We sat on a bench, and I thought of telling Long about the light and about the mules, and the more I thought of telling him, the more I didn't seem to be able to start it. It sounded silly. I was dog-tired, and yet I couldn't get to sleep; you know the sort of feeling one gets when everything seems to be all right on the surface, and yet you're uneasy. Like you'd forgotten something important. As a side-line, I couldn't help thinking about those wretched Spaniards and the girl who'd had her baby in the dark and cold, like a lost bitch—I've got a bitch of my own; she's an ugly old brute, but she likes me. She likes me around when she has her pups. One time I believe she actually put off having them because I wasn't back in time. It nearly cost her her life.

I must have dropped off, because Long was sitting by me, and when I jerked my head up he wasn't there. I was just trying, in a sort of fuddled way, to work out where I was and what it was all about, when I saw Long doing something at the other end of the hall. The sight of him reminded me of Carden and what we'd got to do in case Carden had heard our talk. It seemed an unlucky sort of thing to have to do on Christmas Day, but one can't consider things like that. If Carden had heard, he'd got nothing to do but lay information in the first place we stopped at—which meant, for Long and me, out of the Spanish frying-pan into the French fire. I hadn't sampled French jails; Long, I believe, had. I didn't envy him his experience.

Long stood up, with a packet in his hand. I saw what he'd been tampering with. Some of the guides for the shooting-party had left their knapsacks on a bench at the end of the hall. When Long undid the packet—evidently he didn't want me to know what he was up to, for he took a lot of trouble not to crackle the paper—there was a parcel of food. I went on pretending to be asleep; I just took it for granted Long was hungry. You'd never have thought it, to look at him, but Long was a big eater: he said he'd been starved as a kid, and you never got over being hungry if you weren't fed properly as a child. I'd always noticed, in places we went to, it seemed as if he couldn't stand the sight of a person who looked hungry. All the beggars in San Sebastian knew Long; they knew they needn't ask him for money—they'd only got to come and stand about where he could see them and he'd get uneasy and his hands would go in his pockets. He loved the poor and hated the rich; he'd have done well in politics.

Well, I suppose I nodded off again, and when I woke up Long wasn't there. I don't know what came over me to make me worry. The benches weren't so comfortable, and maybe Long had thought better of it and gone back to our old quarters. All the same, I felt queer and started to prow about. I'd have liked a drink, but everything was locked up. So I tried to stir the ashes up and kindle another log—and the more I fidgeted around and tried to invent occupations, the more I got a feeling of something going on I ought to know about and didn't. At last I thought I'd go and have another look in the barn. I couldn't make it out about those mules—and, of course, we hadn't solved the mystery of the lights. Then it happened to strike me those poor beggars outside could probably do with something to eat; but when I looked in the other knapsacks there was nothing but some tobacco and a couple of bottles half-full of red wine. I drank one myself; the other I put in my pocket, and went through the door that led to the back quarters and the passage that opened on the courtyard from the back stairs.

Now I knew Long and I had shut the outside door when we came in, and I was surprised to see it open. The starlight had brightened outside, and all the yard was bright white with frost. I could see right across to the barn door, and Long was standing there, with his head down, leaning toward the door as if he was listening. I waited; I wanted to see what he was doing before showing up. And I'd seen something else besides Long. I jumped as if I'd been shot when I heard a step behind me. A ray of light swung across the wall of the passage, and it was Carden, carrying the lantern, with something bundled up under his other arm. He looked a bit foolish when he saw me.

"I bet it's cold out there for that woman and the kid. I thought I'd take them the rug."

I didn't say anything about the bottle in my pocket, and as I didn't want him to think I was spying on Long, we both stepped out in the yard. Long looked round quickly, but he didn't seem to be annoyed at the sight of us. He made us a sign to come quietly, and as I followed Carden I saw again the light in the window. At least, I think I saw it; I'm not sure, and it might have been the reflection from the lantern.

Long said, "There's something damn odd going on inside here. I can't make it out. Sounds like a lot of people. . . ."

Well, I listened; and there was a sort of soft, continual noise, like a lot of people might make if they were moving about and trying not to make a disturbance. While I was listening I saw what Long had got in his hands; I guess he'd forgotten to hide it. The food he'd taken out of the guide's knapsack. I said, didn't I, Long couldn't stand the sight of poverty?

We opened the barn-door as quietly as we could, and went in. There wasn't a soul. The mules were standing as Carden and I had left them, with their tails towards the door, and the two old cows were chewing their cud and blinked at us quietly. It was enough to make anyone feel



The man was asleep on the floor, with his shoulder wedged between the door and the seat, and his neck hanging down as if it was broken. And the woman was lying along the back seat, with a new-born kid, which she was suckling.



a fool. Carden gave a sort of nervous laugh, and I thought Long would knock him down. I pushed them aside and went towards the car.

The Spaniards were still asleep; the man had curled into a more comfortable position, and the girl didn't seem to have moved, except she'd pulled a bit of rag over the baby, which had stopped sucking and was fast asleep on her breast.

Now, remember, I'm not asking for credulity. You can call this a fairy-tale if you like; I'm just giving you the plain facts, and if ever you meet Carden you can check up on them. Long's dead, so you can't ask him; but if he'd been alive I guess you'd better have kept off the subject. It wasn't one of his favourite topics of conversation.

We opened the car very quietly, and Carden put the rug over them without disturbing them. Long put the food and my bottle of wine down on the floor close to the man's feet; I guess he put something else as well, because I heard something chink—and we were just going to turn round, when there was a sort of soft, quiet noise of footsteps behind us. I'm not superstitious, but the hair rose on the back of my neck.

Carden had put the lantern on the ground, and it only lit up a little circle round our feet. The rest of the barn was in the dark—that is, it ought to have been, but it *wasn't* any longer. It wasn't exactly light: it was a thinning away of darkness, if you get me—something like dawn: you could see shapes without much detail. And all round behind us, coming quietly towards us, were the mules Carden and I had tied up about an hour before.

There were the big, sleek mules of the shooting-party, and there was the little thin mule with the swelling on her leg: she seemed to be moving as easily as the others. They all came, trailing their halters and stepping as delicately as Arab ponies over a green lawn. And after them, chewing their cud and nodding their heads up and down, came the two old cows, as pleased as if it was milking-time. As if that wasn't enough, there was a thin tabby cat and a little tortoiseshell one; they came trotting along with their tails up and then sat down suddenly—you know what cats are—and started licking themselves, one each side of the lantern. And last of all there was a mouse, which ran up between the two cats and sat up on its tail to clean its whiskers; and the two cats stopped licking themselves and looked at the mouse and blinked, as though it reminded them of something, they couldn't think what, and went on with their face-washing. Honest. I didn't believe I was seeing it until I looked at Long; and he was looking at the cats and the mouse, and I could see the sweat running down his face.

There we were, with all these creatures round us, and no one making a sound; and presently there was something that started like the humming of telegraph wires or that queer chord you sometimes hear at sea in calm weather, as if Neptune himself was tuning-up for a concert. And it grew into something that might have been music, if you could have

imagined any instruments you'd ever heard of making those sounds. I'm not a musical guy; I was more puzzled than struck by it—puzzled and a bit uncomfortable: it reminded me of church when I was a boy.

Well, we turned round to see how the Spaniards were taking it, and all the animals edged up behind us and nosed in to look as well. One of the cats was rubbing herself against my legs, and the other jumped up on the running-board—we hadn't closed the door—and was purring like mad.

They were awake, and the man had scrambled up on his knees and was helping the girl to pull the rug over the baby. Inside the car it was

as clear as daylight, and I could see the girl properly for the first time. She'd got one of those oval faces, with big, dark eyes and long lashes you often find among Spanish girls when they're young, and black hair parted in the middle, like you see in religious pictures. She was smiling, too, and looking down at the kid as if she wouldn't take a million dollars for him. I was standing next to Long, and all of a sudden I felt him shake all over, and he clutched something inside his shirt-front. I hadn't remembered till then that he was a Catholic. He made a queer, whimpering noise, and I heard him say, "Hail, Mary! full of grace..."

And the girl, who hadn't taken a bit of notice till then, looked up quickly and smiled at the three of us and lifted up the naked baby to show us on the palms of her two hands.

It's no good my trying to tell you what happened after that. I just don't remember. The music was ringing inside my head till I felt giddy, but we must have gone back to the house, because the first thing I remember was Long shaking my shoulder, and I'd got cramp with lying on the sacks of hay, and I guess I'd have thought I'd dreamed the whole thing but for the way it worked out.

We went downstairs and it was just getting dawn and everybody was having breakfast. They wished us a Merry Christmas. While they were getting our food ready I went over to the barn, but Carden had got there first, and was pouring cans of hot water into the radiator to help the engine to start. I

wondered if I looked as bad about the gills as he did; his hands were shaking, and he spilled a lot of the water. The gipsies had gone, with their mule, and I looked at the other beasts: they were all tied up. I didn't need to ask Carden if he'd found them that way.

We went in and had our breakfast—at least, Carden and I did. Long had two double brandies. I showed Carden the map, and we started as soon as the engine was warmed up.

Well, he drove us to Bayonne, and we all had a drink in one of the bars and said good-bye. It sounds a dull kind of an ending, but that's how it was. Long and I found we'd got enough money for the train to Bordeaux; we travelled third-class and we didn't refer to anything. And Bordeaux isn't a bad place to forget things in, if you know your way around. . . .

THE END.



I waited; I wanted to see what he was doing before showing up . . . I jumped as if I'd been shot when I heard a step behind me.





"Hayes should be waiting aboard that same ship with a gun in his pocket. After Stephen, or any other friends, had left the ship conveniently early, Hayes should entice Tony up to the dark boat-deck. Then he was to shoot Tony through the head and drop the body overboard."

## NEW MURDERS FOR OLD

By JOHN DICKSON CARR,

Author of "Death in Five Boxes," "The Ten Tea-Cups," etc.

Illustrated by W. R. S. STOTT.

HARGREAVES did not speak until he had turned on two lamps. Even then he did not remove his overcoat. The room, though cold, was stuffy, and held a faintly sweet odour. Outside the Venetian blinds, which were not quite closed, you saw the restless, shifting presence of snow past street-lights. For the first time, Hargreaves hesitated.

"The—the object," he explained, indicating the bed, "was there. He came in by this door, here. Perhaps you understand a little better now?"

Hargreaves' companion nodded.

"No," said Hargreaves, and smiled. "I'm not trying to invoke illusions. On the contrary, I am trying to dispel them. Shall we go downstairs?"

It was a tall, heavy house, where no clocks ticked. But the treads of the stairs creaked and cracked sharply, even under their padding of carpet. At the back, in a kind of small study, a gas-fire had been lighted. Its hissing could be heard from a distance; it roared up blue, like solid blue flames, into the white fretwork of the heater; but it did little to dispel the chill of the room. Hargreaves motioned his companion to a chair at the other side of the fire.

"I want to tell you about it," he went on. "Don't think I'm trying to be"—his wrist hesitated over a word, as though over a chess-piece—"highbrow. Don't think I'm trying to be highbrow if I tell it to you"—again his wrist hesitated—"objectively. As though you knew nothing about it. As though you weren't concerned in it. It's the only way you will understand the problem he had to face."

Hargreaves was very intent when he said this. He was bending forward, looking up from under his eyebrows; his heavy overcoat flopped over the sides of his knees, and his gloved hands, seldom still, either made a slight gesture, or pressed flat on his knees.

"Take Tony Marvell, to begin with," he argued. "A good fellow, whom everybody liked. Not a good business man, perhaps: too generous to be a good business man; but as conscientious as the very devil, and with so fine a mathematical brain that he got over the practical difficulties.

"Tony was Senior Wrangler at Cambridge, and intended to go on with his mathematics. But then his uncle died, so he had to take over the business. You know what the business was then: three luxury hotels, built, equipped and run by Old Jim, the uncle, in Old Jim's most flamboyant style: all going to rack and ruin.

"Everybody said it was madness for Tony to push his shoulder up against the business world. His brother—that's Stephen Marvell, the former surgeon—said Tony would only bring Old Jim's card-houses down on everybody and swamp them all with more debts. But you know what happened. At twenty-five, Tony took over the business. At twenty-seven, he had the hotels on a paying basis. At thirty, they were hotels to which everybody went as a matter of course: blazing their sky-signs, humming with efficiency, piling up profits which startled even Tony.

"And all because he sneered at the idea that there could be any such thing as overwork. He never let up. You can imagine that dogged expression of his: 'Well, I don't like this work, but let's clean it up satisfactorily so that we can get on to more important things'—like

his studies. He did it partly because he had promised Old Jim he would, and partly *because* (you see?) he thought the business so unimportant that he wanted to show how easy it was. But it wasn't easy. No man could stand that pace. London, Brighton, Eastbourne; he knew everything there was to know about the Marvell Hotels, down to the price of a pillow-case and the cost of grease for the lifts. At the end of the fifth year he collapsed one morning in his office. His brother Stephen told him what he had to do.

"'You're getting out of this,' Stephen said. 'You're going clear away. Round the world, anywhere; but for six or eight months at the shortest time. During that time, you're not even so much as to think of your work. Is that clear?'

"Tony told me the story himself last night. He says that the whole thing might never have happened if he had not been forbidden to write to anybody while he was away.

"'Not even so much as a postcard,' snapped Stephen, 'to anybody. If you do, it'll be more business; and then God help you.'

"'But Judith——' Tony protested.

"'Particularly to Judith,' said Stephen. 'If you insist on marrying your secretary, that's your affair. But you don't ruin your rest-cure by exchanging long letters about the hotels.'

"You can imagine Stephen's over-aristocratic, thin-nosed face towering over him, dull with anger. You can imagine Stephen in his black coat and striped trousers, standing up beside the polished desk of his office in Harley Street. Stephen Marvell (and, to a certain extent, Tony, too) had that over-bred air which Old Jim Marvell had always wanted and never achieved.

"Tony did not argue. He was willing enough, because he was tired. Even if he were forbidden to write to Judith, he could always think about her. In the middle of September, more than eight months ago, he sailed by the 'Queen Anne' from Southampton. And on that night the terrors began."

Hargreaves paused. The gas-fire still hissed in the little, dim study. You would have known that this was a house in which death had occurred, and occurred recently, by the look on the face of Hargreaves' companion. He went on:

"The 'Queen Anne' sailed at midnight. Tony saw her soaring up above the docks, as high as the sky. He saw the long decks, white and shiny like shoe-boxes, gleaming under skeins of lights; he saw the black dots of passengers moving along them; he heard the click rattle-rush of winches as great cranes swung over the crowd on the docks; and he felt the queer, pleasurable, restless feeling which stirs the nerves at the beginning of an ocean-voyage.

"At first he was as excited as a schoolboy. Stephen Marvell and Judith Gates, Tony's fiancée, went down to Southampton with him. Afterwards he recalled talking to Judith; holding her arm, piloting her through the rubbery-smelling passages of the ship to show her how fine it was. They went to Tony's cabin, where his luggage had been piled together with a basket of fruit. Everybody agreed that it was a fine cabin.

"It was not until a few minutes before the 'all-shore' gong that the first pang of loneliness struck him. Stephen and Judith had already





"He was reading in this paper the news of his own death. . . . Holding his own newspaper up high, so as to catch the light from the compartment, he read the item again."

gone ashore, for all of them disliked these awkward, last-minute leave-takings. They were standing on the dock, far below. By leaning over the rail of the ship he could just see them. Judith's face was tiny, remote and smiling; infinitely loved. She was waving to him. Round him surged the crowd; faces, hats, noise under naked lights, accentuating the break with home and the water that would widen between. Next he heard the gong begin to bang: hollow, quivering, pulsing to loudness over the cry: 'All ashore that's going ashore!'; and dying away into the ship. He did not want to go. There was still plenty of time. He could still gather up his luggage and get off.

"For a time he stood by the rail, with the breeze from Southampton Water in his face. Such a notion was foolish. He would stay. With a last wave to Judith and Stephen, he drew himself determinedly away. He would be sensible. He would go below and unpack his things. Feeling the unreality of that hollow night, he went down to his cabin on C Deck. And his luggage was not there! He stared round the stuffy cabin with its neat curtains at the portholes. There had been a trunk and two suit-cases, gaudily labelled, to say nothing of the basket of fruit. Now the cabin was empty.

"Tony ran upstairs again to the purser's office. The purser, a harassed man behind a kind of ticket-window desk, was just getting rid of a clamouring crowd. In the intervals of striking a hand-bell and calling orders, he caught Tony's eye.

"My luggage—' Tony said.

"That's all right, Mr. Marvell," said the harassed official. 'It's being taken ashore. But you'd better hurry yourself.'

"Tony had here only a feeling of extreme stupidity. 'Taken ashore?' he said. 'But why? Who told you to send it ashore?'

"Why, *you* did,' said the purser, looking up suddenly from a sheet of names and figures.

"Tony only looked at him.

"You came here,' the purser went on, with sharply narrowing eyes, 'not ten minutes ago. You said you had decided not to take the trip, and asked for your luggage to be taken off. I told you that at this late date we could not, of course, refund the—'

"Get it back!' said Tony. His own voice sounded wrong. 'I couldn't have told you that. Get it back!'

"Just as you like, Sir,' said the purser, smiting on the bell, 'if there's time.'

"Overhead the hoarse blast of the whistle, that mournfullest of all sounds at sea, beat out against Southampton Water. B Deck, between open doors, was cold and gusty.

"Now Tony Marvell had not the slightest recollection of having spoken to the purser before. That was what struck him between the eyes like a blow, and what, for the moment, almost drove him to run away from the 'Queen Anne' before they should lift the gang-plank.

It was the nightmare again. One of the worst features of his nervous breakdown had been the conviction, coming in flashes at night, that he was not real any longer; that his body and his inner self had moved apart, the first walking or talking in everyday life like an articulate dummy, while the brain remained in another place. It was as though he were dead, and seeing his body move. Dead.

"To steady his wits, he tried to concentrate on familiar human things. Judith, for instance; he recalled Judith's hazel eyes, the soft line of her cheek as she turned her head, the paper cuffs she wore at the office. Judith, his fiancée, his secretary, who would take care of things while he was away; whom he loved, and who was so maddeningly close even now. But he must not think of Judith. Instead, he pictured his brother Stephen, and Johnny Cleaver, and any other friends who occurred to him. He even thought of Old Jim Marvell, who was dead. And—so strong is the power of imaginative visualisation—at that moment, in the breezy lounge-room facing the purser's office, he thought he saw Old Jim looking at him round the corner of a potted palm.

"All this, you understand, went through Tony's mind in the brief second while he heard the ship's whistle hoot out over his head.

"He made some excuse to the purser, and went below. He was grateful for the chatter of noise, for the people passing up and down below decks. None of them paid any attention to him, but at least they were there. But, when he opened the door of his cabin, he stopped and stood very still in the doorway.

"The propellers had begun to churn. A throb, a heavy vibration, shook upwards through the ship; it made the tooth-glass tinkle in the rack, and sent a series of creaks through the bulkheads. The 'Queen Anne' was moving. Tony Marvell took hold of the door as though that movement had been a lurch, and he stared at the bed across the cabin. On the white bedspread, where it had not been before, lay an automatic pistol."

The gas-fire had heated its asbestos pillars to glowing red. Again there was a brief silence in the little study of the house in St. John's Wood. Hargreaves—Sir Charles Hargreaves, Assistant Commissioner of Police for the Criminal Investigation Department—leaned down and lowered the flame of the heater. Even the tone of his voice seemed to change when the gas ceased its loud hissing.

"Wait!" he said, lifting his hand. "I don't want you to get the wrong impression. Don't think that the fear, the slow approach of what was going to happen, pursued Tony all through his trip round the world. It didn't. That's the most curious part of the whole affair.

"Tony has told me that it was a brief, bad bout, lasting perhaps fifteen minutes in all, just before and just after the 'Queen Anne' sailed. It was not alone the uncanny feeling that things had ceased to be real. It was a sensation of active malignancy—of hatred, of danger, of what you like—surrounding him and pressing on him. He could feel it like a weak current from a battery.

"But five minutes after the ship had headed out to open sea, every such notion fell away from him. It was as though he had emerged out of an evil fog. That hardly seems reasonable. Even supposing that there are evil emanations, or evil spirits, it is difficult to think that they are confined to one country; that their tentacles are broken by half-a-mile's distance; that they cannot cross water. Yet there it was. One moment he was standing there with the automatic pistol in his hand, the noise of the engines beating in his ears and a horrible impulse joggling his elbow to put the muzzle of the pistol into his mouth and—

"Then—snap! Something broke: that is the only way he can describe it. He stood upright. He felt like a man coming out of a fever, shaken and sweating, but back from behind the curtain into the real world again. He gulped deep breaths. He went to the porthole and opened it. From that time on, he says, he began to get well.

"How the automatic had got into his cabin he did not know. He knew he must have bought it himself, in one of those blind flashes. But he could not remember. He stared at it with new eyes, and a new feeling of the beauty and sweetness of life. He felt as though he had been relieved from execution.

"You might have thought that he would have flung the pistol overboard in sheer fear of touching it. But he didn't. To him it was the part of a puzzle. He stared much at it: a Browning '28, of Belgian manufacture, fully loaded. After the first few days, when he did keep it locked away out of sight in his trunk, he pondered over it. It represented the one piece of evidence he could carry back home with him, the one tangible reality in a nightmare.

"At the New York Customs-shed it seemed to excite no surprise. He carried it overland with him—Cleveland, Chicago, Salt Lake City—to San Francisco, in a fog, and then down the kindled sea to Honolulu. At Yokohama they were going to take it away from him; only a huge bribe retrieved it. Afterwards he carried it on his person, and was never searched. As the broken bones of his nerves knitted, as in the wash of the propellers there was peace, it became a kind of mascot. It went with him through the blistering heat of the Indian Ocean, into the murky Red Sea, to the Mediterranean. To Port Said, to Cairo in early winter. To Naples and Marseilles and Gibraltar. It was tucked away in his hip-pocket on the bitter cold night, a little more than eight months after his departure, when Tony Marvell—a healed man again—landed back at Southampton in the s.s. 'Chippenham Castle.'

"It was snowing that night, you remember? The boat-train roared through thickening snow. It was crowded, and the heat would not work.

"Tony knew that there could be nobody at Southampton to meet him. His itinerary had been laid out in advance, and he had stuck to the bitter letter of his instructions about not writing even so much as a postcard. But he had altered the itinerary, so as to take a ship that would get him home in time for Christmas; he would burst in on them





"MRS. SCOTT"; BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792).





PICASSO'S TREATMENT OF THE DARLING THEME OF MEDIAEVAL ARTISTS: "LA VIERGE DE TOLÈDE."

The Madonna and Child—by the most daring of modernists. In this masterly *gouache* of the celebrated image, which, up to the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War, had reposed for centuries, a highly venerated figure, in the historic cathedral of Toledo, the famous initiator of Cubism and of not a few other novelties in art, has emphasised the essential human qualities of his subject, which is treated with deep understanding. Born in Malaga, Picasso carried out his early studies under his father, a professor at Barcelona Academy. But he finally settled in France, where he developed his art and became one of the leaders of the Post-Impressionists.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF ALEX REID AND LEFEVRE, LTD., LONDON.





**GURU REPENTS OF TRANSFORMING HIS WIFE INTO A DEMON.**  
According to the Javanese legend, the four-armed god Guru had a beautiful spouse, but, angered with her one day, and forgetting that his words were irrevocable, he told her she looked like a female demon. Afterwards, unable to give her back her form, Guru banished her from Heaven.



**THE HERO ARJUNA LEADING THE HEAVENLY HOST.**  
The hero Arjuna, having completed a penance, is called upon by the gods to assist them against the Raksasa hordes that threaten to destroy their Heavenly abode. The picture depicts Arjuna in his golden chariot leading the armies of Heaven.



**THE JAVANESE HELL, WITH THE SLENDER BRIDGE WHICH SOULS MUST CROSS AND MEET THEIR DOOM.**

Spanning the fiery gulf of the Javanese Hell is a swaying bridge. Upon this the good souls can walk without fear. But should the soul of an evildoer attempt the journey, the weight of his sins will cause the bridge to rock so violently that he will fall into the flames of Naraka.



**TWO WARRIORS FIGHTING WITH HUGE DEMONS, USING A BLACK DOG AND A WHITE CAT.**

The two warriors went to fight the demons with the aid of a black dog with a white stripe down its back, and a white cat with a black stripe down its back. The cat and dog were nearly killed, but the warriors snatched them from death and bathed them in coconut water.

## SCENES FROM JAVANESE LEGENDS, BASED UPON THE SHADOW PUPPET CHARACTERS.

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY JEUNE SCOTT-KEMBALL; THE CHARACTERS BEING BASED UPON THE PUPPETS IN THE JAVANESE SHADOW THEATRE.





**THE MOST TERRIBLE BATTLE IN JAVANESE MYTHOLOGY: THE WARRIOR GATOTKATJA HURLING MOUNTAINS AT THE RAKSASAS.**  
This is taken from the tale of the Five Pandawa, Arjuna and his four brothers. Arjuna left the country of his forefathers after the treachery of his cousins, the Korawa, and, with his brethren, went to live in another land. Then the Pandawa went to war with the Korawa. During the battle, which was one of the most terrible in mythology, the warrior hero, Gatotkatja, tore up huge mountains and hurled them at the Raksasas.



**THE LOVELY DEWI SRI PURSUED BY THE DEMON KALA GAMARANG WHOM SHE HAS TRANSFORMED INTO A HOG.**  
In the far-off times the god Guru sent his messenger, a demon named Kala Gamarang, to find three objects, the possession of which would give Guru the hand of a beautiful maiden. The demon set off on his quest, but on the way he saw the lovely Dewi Sri. He fell in love with her, but she fled from the loathsome creature. She cursed him and turned him into a hog, in which form he continued to pursue her through the woods.

**A JAVANESE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS, AND A BEAUTY HAUNTED BY A DEMON HOG.**

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY JEUNE SCOTT-KEMBALL.





"THE NEW ARRIVAL"

Reproduced from the painting by Eugène Bagnières (1842-91); by Courtesy of the Leicester Galleries.





"THE FRAGRANT CONCUBINE," HSIANG FEI, FOR WHOM A MANCHU EMPEROR MADE WAR.

A romantic and tragic tale worthy of Boccaccio or Loli is associated with the subject of the first of these two reproductions of a pair of Chinese mirror paintings by an unknown 18th-century Chinese Court painter, in their Chippendale mahogany frames. Hsiang Fei, "The Fragrant Concubine" as she became known, was the wife of a Mohammedan Khan. Through the widely-travelled fame of her beauty, the Manchu Emperor Chi'en Lung (1736-96) became deeply enamoured of her and ordered his generals to secure her for his Court. After suffering defeat in battle her husband committed suicide, and Hsiang Fei was taken sorrowing before the Emperor, who

*(Continued opposite.)*





# A COURT SHEPHERDESS, FAMILIAR OF HSIANG FEI, WIFE OF A TURKESTAN CHIEFTAIN

spared neither effort nor treasure to gain her affections. But she remained unshakably loyal to her husband's memory until her voluntary death by strangulation at the order of the jealous Dowager-Empress, while Chi'en Lung himself, having learned of his mother's intention when performing the prescribed rites at the Temple of Heaven, was hammering at the Palace gates. In the right-hand reproduction a Chinese lady is seen in the elaborate dress of a Court shepherdess.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods, from the Collection of the late Percival D. Griffiths, Esq. (Actual dimensions of pictures 26½ × 17 in.)





A SKETCH OF HIS CHILDREN, BY NICHOLAS POCOCK—MARINE PAINTER OF THE DAYS OF GEORGE III. AND THE REGENCY.



PETER POCOCK, SKETCHED BY HIS FATHER, AS A BABY.



LITTLE MARY ANN POCOCK IN AN ATTITUDE OF JUVENILE PIETY.



MASTER ISAAC POCOCK, THE ELDEST SON, WHO LATER BECAME A PAINTER AND A DRAMATIST.



NICHOLAS POCOCK—STILL IN LONG CLOTHES.



A SON—PERHAPS JONATHAN.



A LIGHTNING SKETCH OF BETSY POCOCK.



ANOTHER BABY—JOHN POCOCK.

## AN EQUIVALENT TO SNAPSHOTS IN DAYS GONE BY:

SKETCHES OF HIS CHILDREN BY NICHOLAS POCOCK, THE LATE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MARINE PAINTER.

Nicholas Pocock (1741-1821), who began life as a seaman, and ended as a marine artist of no small repute, was also blessed with a large family. Here are some lightning sketches by him of seven of the children when they were young—particularly interesting as showing how the artist worked in the intimacy of his home, the drawings being made with no other end than for his own amusement and for keepsakes. Moreover, in them the professional marine painter is seen at work in an alien sphere, and one which requires the very greatest skill.

Children are the most impatient of sitters and constraint only produces a forced attitude. Three of the older children appear to have been posed; but others are drawn on the spur of the moment. The collection is, in fact, the exact eighteenth-century equivalent of the modern album of family snapshots—with the difference that nowadays anybody can take good photographs, whereas it was only the chance of their own father being an artist that preserved the likenesses of these little Pococks for posterity.





"GIRL WITH CHERRIES IN HER HAT"; BY AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919).

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. ARTHUR TOOTH & SONS, LTD.



## NEW MURDERS FOR OLD.—(Continued from page 22).

a week early. For eight months he had lived in a void. In an hour or two he would be home. He would see Judith again.

"In the dimly-lighted compartment of the train, his fellow-passengers were not talkative. The long voyage had squeezed their conversation dry; they almost hated each other. Even the snow roused only a flicker of enthusiasm.

" 'Real old-fashioned Christmas!' said one.

" 'Hah!' said another appreciatively, scratching with his fingernails at the frosted window.

" 'Damn cold, I call it,' snarled a third. 'Can't they ever make the heat work in these trains? I'm damn well going to make a complaint!'

"After that, with a sympathetic grunt or mutter, each retired behind his newspaper: a white, blank wall which rustled occasionally, and behind which they drank up news of home.

"In other words (Tony remembers that he thought then), he was in England again. He was home. For himself, he only pretended to read. He leaned back in his seat, listening vaguely to the clackety-roar of the wheels, and the long blast of the whistle that was torn behind as the train gathered speed.

"He knew exactly what he would do. It would be barely ten o'clock when they reached Waterloo. He would jump into a cab, and hurry home—to this house—for a wash and brush-up. Then he would pelt up to Judith's flat at Hampstead as hard as he could go. Yet this thought, which should have made him glow, left him curiously chilly round the heart. He fought the chill. He laughed to himself. Determinedly he opened the newspaper, distracting himself, turning from page to page, running his eye down each column. Then he stopped. Something familiar caught at his eye, some familiar name. It was an obscure item on a middle page.

"He was reading in this paper the news of his own death.

"Just that. 'Mr. Anthony Dean Marvell,' said the account, 'of Upper Avenue Road, St. John's Wood, and owner of Marvell Hotels, Ltd., was found shot dead last night in his bedroom at home. A bullet had penetrated up through the roof of the mouth into the brain, and a small-calibre automatic was in his hand. The body was found by Mrs. Reach, Mr. Marvell's housekeeper, who . . .'

"A suicide!

"And once again, as suddenly as it had left him aboard ship, the grasp fell on him, shutting him off from the real world into the unreal. The compartment, as I told you, was very dimly lighted. So it was perhaps, natural that he could only dimly see a blank wall of upheld newspapers facing him; as though there were no fellow-passengers there, as though they had deserted him in a body, leaving only the screen of papers that joggled a little with the rush of the train.

"Yes, he was alone.

"He got up blindly, dragging open the door of the compartment to get out into the corridor. The confined space seemed to be choking him. Holding his own newspaper up high, so as to catch the light from the compartment, he read the item again.

"There could be no possibility of a mistake. The account was too detailed. It told all about him, his past and present. ' . . . His brother, Mr. Stephen Marvell, the eminent Harley Street surgeon, was hurriedly summoned. . . . His fiancée, Miss Judith Gates. . . . It is understood that in September Mr. Marvell suffered a nervous breakdown, from which even a long rest had not effected a cure.' Tony looked at the date of the newspaper, afraid of what he might see. But it was the date of that day: the twenty-third of December. From this account, it appeared that he had shot himself forty-eight hours before.

"And the gun was in his hip-pocket now.

"Tony folded up the newspaper. The train moved under his feet with a dancing sway, jerking above the click of the wheels; and another thin blast of the whistle went by. It reminded him of the whistle aboard the 'Queen Anne.' He glanced along the dusky corridor. It was empty except for someone, whom he supposed to be another passenger, leaning elbows on the rail past the windows and staring out at the flying snow.

"He remembers nothing else until the train reached Waterloo. But something—an impression, a subconscious memory—registered in his mind about that passenger he had seen in the corridor. First it had to do with the shape of the person's shoulders. Then Tony realised that this was because the person was wearing a greatcoat with an old-fashioned brown fur collar. He was jumping blindly out of the train at Waterloo when he remembered that Old Jim Marvell always used to wear such a collar.

"After that he seemed to see it everywhere.

"When he hurried up to the guard's van to claim his trunk and suitcases, the luggage-ticket in his hand, he was in such a crowd that he could not move his arms. But he thought he felt brown fur press the back of his shoulders.

"A porter got him a taxi. It was a relief to see a London cab again, in a coughing London terminus, and hear the bump of the trunk as it went up under the strap, and friendly voices again. He gave the address to the driver, tipped the porter, and jumped inside. Even so, the porter seemed to be holding open the door of the taxi longer than was necessary.

" 'Close it, man!' Tony found himself shouting. 'Close it, quick!'

" 'Yessir,' said the porter, jumping back. The door slammed. Afterwards, the porter stood and stared after the taxi. Tony, glancing out through the little back window, saw him still standing there.

"It was dark in the cab, and as close as though a photographer's black hood had been drawn over him. Tony could see little. But he carefully felt with his hands all over the seat, all over the open space; and he found nothing."



"The house was dark. He got the cold keys out of his pocket, but the key-ring slipped round in his fingers, like soap in bath-water, and fell on the tiled floor of the vestibule. . . . The other person walked in."



At this point in the story, Hargreaves broke off for a moment or two. He had been speaking with difficulty: not as though he expected to be doubted, but as though the right words were hard to find. His gloved fingers opened and closed on his knee.

For the first time his companion—Miss Judith Gates—interrupted him. Judith spoke from the shadow on the other side of the gas-fire.

"Wait!" she said. "Please!"

"Yes?" said Hargreaves.

"This person who was following Tony." She spoke also with difficulty. "You aren't telling me that it was—well, was——?"

"Was what?"

"Dead," said Judith.

"I don't know who it was," answered Hargreaves, looking at her steadily. "Except that it seemed to be somebody with a fur collar on his coat. I'm telling you Tony's story, which I believe."

Judith's hand shaded her eyes. "All the same," she insisted, and her pleasant voice went high, "even supposing it was! I mean, even supposing it was the person you think. He of all people, living or dead, wouldn't have tried to put any evil influence round Tony. Old Jim loved Tony. He left Tony every penny he owned, and not a farthing to Stephen. He always told Tony he'd look after him."

"And so he did," said Hargreaves.

"But——"

"You see," Hargreaves told her slowly. "You still don't understand the source of the evil influence. Tony didn't, himself. All he knew was that he was bowling along in a dark taxi, through slippery, snowy

"The pavement was black, the snow dirty grey. He saw the familiar turning, where front gardens were built up above low, stone walls; he saw the street sign fastened to one of those corners, white lettering on black; and, in sudden blind panic, he plunged for the steps that led up to his home.

"The house was dark. He got the cold keys out of his pocket, but the key-ring slipped round in his fingers, like soap in bath-water, and fell on the tiled floor of the vestibule. He groped after it in the dark—just as the other thing turned in at the gate. In fact, Tony heard the gate creak. He found the keys, found the lock by a miracle, and opened the door.

"But he was too late, because the other thing was already coming up the front steps. Tony says that at close range, against a street-lamp, the fur collar looked more wet and moth-eaten: that is all he can describe. He was in a dark hall with the door open. Even familiar things had fled his wits and he could not remember the position of the light-switch.

"The other person walked in.

"In his hip-pocket, Tony remembered, he still had the weapon he had carried round the world. He fumbled under his overcoat to get the gun out of his pocket; but even that weak gesture was no good to him, for he dropped the gun on the carpet. Since the visitor was now within six feet of him, he did not stop. He bolted up the stairs.

"At the top of the stairs he risked a short glance down. The other thing had stopped. In faint bluish patches of light which came through the open front door, Tony could see that it was stooping down to pick up the automatic pistol from the carpet.



"He was standing before the door of his bedroom. He threw open this door, blundered in, and began to turn on more lamps. He had got two lamps lighted before he turned to look at the bed, which was occupied."

streets; and whatever might be following him, good or bad, he couldn't endure it.

"Even so, everything might have ended well if the taxi-driver had been careful. But he wasn't. That was the first snowfall of the year, and the driver miscalculated. When they were only two hundred yards from Upper Avenue Road, he tried to take a turn too fast. Tony felt the helpless swing of the skid; he saw the glass partition tilt, and a black tree-trunk rush up huge at them until it exploded against the outer windscreen. They landed upright against the tree, with a buckled wheel.

"I 'ad to swerve,' the driver was crying. 'I 'ad to! An old gent with a fur collar walked smack out in front of——'

"And so, you see, Tony had to walk home alone.

"He knew something was following him before he had taken half-a-dozen steps. Two hundred yards doesn't sound like a great distance. First right, first left, and you're home. But here it seemed to stretch out interminably, as such things do in dreams. He did not want to leave the taxi-driver. The driver thought this was because Tony doubted his honesty about bringing the luggage on when the wheel was repaired. But it was not that.

"For the first part of the way, Tony walked rapidly. The other thing walked at an equal pace behind him. By the light of a street-lamp Tony could see the wet fur collar on the coat, but nothing else. Afterwards he increased his pace to what was almost a run; and, though no difference could be seen in the gait of what was behind him, it was still there. Unlike you, Tony didn't wonder whether it might be good or evil. These nice differences don't occur to you when you're dealing with something that may be dead. All he knew was that he mustn't let it catch up with him—mustn't let it shake him by the hand—mustn't let it identify itself with him, or he was done for.

"Then it began to gain on him, and he ran.

"Tony thinks—now—that he began to switch on lights in the upper hall. Also, he shouted something. He was standing before the door of his bedroom. He threw open this door, blundered in, and began to turn on more lamps. He had got two lamps lighted before he turned to look at the bed, which was occupied.

"The man on the bed did not, however, sit up at the coming of noise or lights. A sheet covered him from head to feet; and even under the outline of the sheet you could trace the line of the wasted, sunken features. Tony Marvell then did what was perhaps the most courageous act of his life. He had to know. He walked across and turned down the upper edge of the sheet, and he looked down at his own face; a dead face, turned sightlessly up from the bed.

"Shock? Yes. But more terror? No. For this dead man was real, he was flesh and blood—as Tony was flesh and blood. He looked exactly like Tony. But it was now no question of a real world and an unreal world; it was no question of going mad. This man was real; and that meant fraud and imposture.

"A voice from across the room said: 'So you're alive!' And Tony turned round, to find his brother Stephen looking at him from the doorway.

"Stephen wore a red dressing-gown, hastily pulled round him, and his hair was tousled. His face was one of collapse.

"'I didn't mean to do it!' Stephen was crying out at him. Even though Tony did not understand, he felt that the words were a confession of guilt; they were babbling words, words which made you pity the man who said them.

"'I never really meant to have you killed aboard that ship,' said Stephen. 'It was all a joke. You know I wouldn't have hurt you; you know that, don't you? Listen——'

"Now Stephen (as I said) was standing in the doorway, clutching his dressing-gown round him. What made him look round towards the hall behind, quickly, Tony did not know. Perhaps he heard a sound



behind him. Perhaps he saw something out of the corner of his eye. But Stephen did look round, and he began to scream.

"Tony saw no more, for the light in the hall went out. The fear was back on him again, and he could not move. For he saw a hand. It was only, so to speak, the flicker of a hand. This hand darted in from the darkness out in the hall; it caught hold of the knob on the bedroom door, and closed the door. It turned a key on the outside, locking Tony into the room. It kept Stephen outside in the dark hall—and Stephen was still screaming.

"A good thing, too, that Tony had been locked in the room. That saved trouble with the police afterwards.

"The rest of the testimony comes from Mrs. Reach, the housekeeper. Her room was next door to Stephen's bedroom, at the end of the upstairs hall. She was awakened by screams, by what seemed to be thrashing sounds, and the noise of hard breathing. These sounds passed her door towards Stephen's room.

"Just as she was getting out of her bed and putting on a dressing-gown, she heard Stephen's door close. Just as she went out into the hall, she heard, for the second time in forty-eight hours, the noise of a pistol-shot.

"Now, Mrs. Reach will testify in a coroner's court that nobody left, or could have left Stephen's room after the shot. She was looking at the door, though it was several minutes before she could screw up enough courage to open the door. When she did open it, all sounds had ceased. She found Stephen lying in his dressing-gown across a rumpled bed. He had been shot through the right temple at close range; presumably by himself, since the weapon was discovered in a tangle of stained bed-clothing. There was nobody else in the room, and all the windows were locked on the inside. The only other thing Mrs. Reach noticed was an unpleasant, an intensely unpleasant smell of mildewed cloth and wet fur."

Again Hargreaves paused. It seemed that he had come to the end of the story. An outsider might have thought, too, that he had emphasised these horrors too much, for the girl across from him kept her hands pressed against her eyes. But Hargreaves knew his business.

"Well?" he said gently. "You see the explanation, don't you?"

Judith took her hands away from her eyes. "Explanation?"

"The natural explanation," repeated Hargreaves, spacing his words. "Tony Marvell is not going mad. He never had any brainstorms or 'blind flashes.' He only thought he had. The whole thing was a cruel and murderous fake, engineered by Stephen, and it went wrong. But if it had succeeded, Stephen Marvell would have committed a very nearly perfect murder."

The relief he saw flash across Judith's face, the sudden dazed catching at hope, went to Hargreaves' heart. But he did not show this.

"Let's go back eight months," he went on, "and take it from the beginning. Now, Tony is a very wealthy young man. The distinguished Stephen, on the other hand, was swamped with debts and always on the thin edge of bankruptcy. If Tony were to die, Stephen, the next of kin, would inherit the whole estate. So Stephen decided that Tony had to die.

"But Stephen, a medical man, knew the risks of murder. No matter how cleverly you plan it, there is always *some* suspicion; and Stephen was bound to be suspected. He was unwilling to risk those prying detectives, those awkward questions, those damning post-mortem reports—until, more than eight months ago, he suddenly saw how he could destroy Tony without the smallest suspicion attaching to himself.

"In St. Jude's Hospital, where he did some charity work, Stephen had found a broken-down ex-schoolmaster named Rupert Hayes. Every man in this world, they say, has his exact double. Hayes was Tony's double to the slightest feature. He was, in fact, so uncannily like Tony that the very sight of him made Stephen flinch. Now, Hayes was dying of tuberculosis. He had, at most, not more than a year to live. He would be eager to listen to any scheme which would allow him to spend the rest of his life in luxury, and die of natural causes in a soft bed. To him Stephen explained the trick.

"Tony should be ordered off—apparently—on a trip round the world. On the night he was to sail, Tony should be allowed to go aboard.

"Hayes should be waiting aboard that same ship, with a gun in his pocket. After Stephen or any other friends had left the ship conveniently early, Hayes should entice Tony up to the dark boat-deck. Then he was to shoot Tony through the head, and drop the body overboard.

"Haven't you ever realised that a giant ocean-liner, just before it leaves port, is the ideal place to commit a murder? Not a soul will remember you afterwards. The passengers notice nothing; they are too excited. The crew notice nothing; they are kept too busy. The confusion of the crowd is intense. And what happens to your victim after he goes overboard? He will be sucked under and presently caught by the terrible propellers, to make him unrecognisable. When a body is found—if it is found at all—it will be presumed to be some dock-roysterer. Certainly it will never be connected with the ocean-liner, because there will be nobody missing from the liner's passenger-list.

"Missing from the passenger-list? Of course not! Hayes, you see, was to go to the purser and order Tony's luggage to be sent ashore. He was to say he was cancelling the trip, and not going after all. After killing Tony he was then to walk ashore as—"

The girl uttered an exclamation.

Hargreaves nodded. "You see it now. He was to walk ashore as Tony. He was to say to his friends that he couldn't face the journey after all; and everybody would be happy. Why not? The real Tony was within an ace of doing just that.

"Then, Hayes, well coached, would simply settle down to play the part of Tony for the rest of his natural life. Mark that: his natural life; a year at most. He would be too ill to attend to the business, of course. He wouldn't even see you, his fiancée, too often. If ever he made any bad slips, that, of course, would be his bad nerves. He would be allowed to 'develop' lung trouble. At the end of a year, amid sorrowing friends. . . .

"Stephen had planned brilliantly. 'Murder'? What do you mean, murder? Let the doctors examine as much as they like! Let the police ask what questions they like! Whatever steps are taken, Stephen Marvell is absolutely safe. For the poor devil in bed really has died a natural death.

"Only—well, it went wrong. Hayes wasn't cut out to be a murderer. I hadn't the favour of his acquaintance, but he must have been a decent sort. He promised to do this. But, when it came to the actual fact, he couldn't force himself to kill Tony: literally, physically couldn't. He threw away his pistol and ran. On the other hand, once off the ship, he couldn't confess to Stephen that Tony was still alive. He couldn't give up that year of sweet luxury, with all Tony's money at his disposal to soothe his aching lungs. So he pretended to Stephen that he had done the job, and Stephen danced for joy. But Hayes, as the months went on, did not dance. He knew Tony wasn't dead. He knew there would be a reckoning soon. And he couldn't let it end like that. A week before he thought Tony was coming home, after writing a letter to the police to explain everything, Hayes shot himself rather than face exposure."

There was a silence. "That, I think," Hargreaves said quietly, "explains everything about Tony."

Judith Gates bit her lips. Her pretty face was working; and she could not control the twitching of her capable hands. For a moment she seemed to be praying.

"Thank God!" she murmured. "I was afraid——"

"Yes," said Hargreaves; "I know."

"But it still doesn't explain everything. It——"

Hargreaves stopped her.

"I said," he pointed out, "that it explains everything about Tony. That's all you need worry about. Tony is free. You are free. As for Stephen Marvell's death, it was suicide. That is the official record."

"But that's absurd!" cried Judith. "I didn't like Stephen; I always knew he hated Tony; but he wasn't one to kill himself, even if he were exposed. Don't you see, you haven't explained the one real horror? I must know. I mean, I must know if you think what I think about it. Who was the man with the brown fur collar? Who followed Tony home that night? Who stuck close by him, to keep the evil influences off him? Who was his guardian? Who shot Stephen in revenge?"

Sir Charles Hargreaves looked down at the sputtering gas-fire. His face, inscrutable, was wrinkled in sharp lines from mouth to nostril. His brain held many secrets. He was ready to lock away this one, once he knew that they understood each other.

"You tell me," he said.

THE END.



"The fear was back on him again, and he could not move. For he saw a hand. It was only, so to speak, the flicker of a hand. This hand darted in from the darkness out in the hall; it caught hold of the knob on the bedroom door, and closed the door."





... he jerked his nose free from her claspings fingers and went scampering round the hall, barking his head off, and knocking over the umbrella-stand with a most satisfying crash.

## DIBBER'S GOOD DEED.

By EDWARD D. DICKINSON.

Illustrated by EDMUND BLAMPIED.



MASTER ROBIN FIELDACRE came home from school rejoicing in the fact that as it was so near the end of term, his form had been excused "prep." He wanted to tell somebody about it, but his sister, Sylvia, and her dog, Dibber, were waiting just inside the front door for him with such exciting news of their own that he had no chance to be anything but a listener.

"I say, Robin!" she cried, as soon as she saw his mouth begin to open, "I happened to get home early to-day, and I was sitting in the big armchair in the drawing-room—oh, do shut up, Dibber!—and Mummy and Daddy came in, and they didn't know I was there, of course, and Mummy said she'd had a letter from Cousin Walter asking us all to stay with him for Christmas!"

"By gum!" said Robin, mentally admitting that his own news was as nothing compared to this.

"What did Daddy say? I mean—Dibber, be quiet!—are we going?"

"It's not Dibber's fault," said Sylvia, gripping her beloved but nondescript dog firmly by the nose with both hands and temporarily silencing him that way. "If I get excited he always knows, only he doesn't understand what it's all about, so he barks . . . of course we're going! Daddy was a bit difficult at first, but then, he always is if anything is sprung on him suddenly; and Mummy knows it doesn't mean much, just as I do when he swears he won't stand Dibber in the house another day."

"He's rather liked Dibber," said Robin, "ever since last Christmas, when there was all that bother with the necklace and the burglars. . . . I say . . . it will be topping to be at Windybridge. Cousin Walter as good as promised me two years ago last summer that when I was older he'd take me out rabbiting with him, and as I'm lots older now I shall jolly well keep him up to it."

"Dibber," said Sylvia thoughtfully, "has never really stayed in the country before. He'll have a perfectly marvellous time—rattling and chasing rabbits, and . . ." but the patience of Dibber was exhausted. With a rapid backward movement he jerked his nose free from her claspings fingers and went scampering round the hall, barking his head off, and knocking over the umbrella-stand with a most satisfying crash.

Mr. Fieldacre, in his studio, jumped at the sound, and as a result, blobbed a brushful of paint exactly where he didn't want it to be.

"Damn and blast!" roared Mr. Fieldacre. "It's that miserable dog again! Here am I, slaving my heart out to keep a roof over our heads, and nobody shows me the slightest consideration! It's unbearable!" And casting his brush into a corner with an outburst of artistic temperament, which he felt was only to be expected in a fashionable portrait-painter, he strode out in search of the culprit.

He found his two children hastily tidying up the débris, while the cause of the rumpus, shrewdly smitten astern by the descending furniture, sat in a corner in a state of temporary despondency.

"This," announced Mr. Fieldacre, *fortissimo*, "is the very last time I shall submit to having the house turned into a bear-garden by that fiendish animal!"

"I'm awfully sorry, Daddy," said Sylvia rapidly. "It was my fault. I said something about rats in an excited sort of way and, of course, he jumped about a bit."

"He's a fool," said her father, slightly mollified by the apology, "and it wouldn't be so bad if he was only a fool, but he's not. I had a complaint from Mrs. Campion yesterday. A serious complaint, that Dibber had attacked her Jock and bitten him. He's growing into a pugnacious little brute, and if you can't control him . . ."

But Sylvia was up in arms at once.

"He's not pugnacious, Daddy. Honestly, he's not. He's never bitten anything, except in self-defence. He wants to make friends with every dog he meets, only sometimes they growl at him, and then he goes for them before they can do the same to him, and it wouldn't be fair to expect him to do anything else, and if horrid old Mrs. Campion told you anything different . . ." But here, as usually happened in an impending crisis, Mrs. Fieldacre appeared as it were from nowhere and quietly took charge.

"Sylvia, dear," she said, "I think if you were to take Dibber out for a walk before it gets too late, he could work off some of his energy, and then he wouldn't be so noisy."

"Yes, Mummy," said Sylvia, and vanished as quickly as possible, dragging her still depressed pet behind her. Mr. Fieldacre departed grumbling to his studio to catch the last remnants of daylight, and for a short while quiet descended on the house.

"Thank Heaven," murmured Mrs. Fieldacre, "Windybridge is large enough for the children and Dibber to make all the noise they want, without disturbing anybody. We should have a little peace down there. . . ." But, alas! poor lady, her hopes were not to be realised, because Cousin Walter, with the best will in the world, chose his Christmas present for Robin so unwisely that all chance of tranquillity seemed to be shattered. He only wanted to play fair. His arguments were doubtless perfectly logical: "If Sylvia, who was a girl, possessed a dog, then Robin, who was a boy—and a fine, sporting little chap at that—should also possess a dog, and, dammit, it was up to his old bachelor cousin to see that he got one!"—and get one he did. On Christmas Eve, almost before the visitors had settled down, Robin found himself led mysteriously away to an outhouse, and returned a few minutes later with shining eyes and something very pedigree in wire-haired terriers trotting at his heels.

"I say!" he cried. "Isn't he topping? And he's mine! Cousin Walter has just given him to me, and his name is Grip, and he's absolutely pure-bred and everything!"

"He's lovely, darling!" said Mrs. Fieldacre, with anxious eyes turned towards her husband. But Mr. Fieldacre was overflowing with

[Continued on page 39.]





"THE DROWSY LANDLADY"; BY GABRIEL METSU (1630-1667).

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.





A MEDITERRANEAN SCENE, WITH AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR (LEFT), PAINTED IN THE YEAR BEFORE TRAFALGAR, BY W. ANDERSON (1757-1837).



"A SEASCAPE WITH A MAN OF WAR'S BOAT IN THE FOREGROUND," AND IN THE DISTANCE, A FRIGATE; BY W. ANDERSON.



A GROUP OF SAILING-SHIPS CLOSE HAULED ON THE STARBOARD TACK, INCLUDING A THREE-DECKER (CENTRE): A SKETCH FULL OF MOVEMENT, BY NICHOLAS POCOCK (1741-1821).



"PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR"; BY WILLIAM JOY (1803-1857), A SELF-TAUGHT MARINE PAINTER, MUCH OF WHOSE WORK WAS DONE AT GREAT YARMOUTH.



A STORM SCENE WITH A DISMASTED VESSEL, BY W. KNELL; WHO EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY FROM 1835 TO 1866, AND DIED IN 1875.

THE CHARM OF OLD MARINE PAINTINGS: FAIR WINDS AND FOUL IN THE DAYS OF SAIL AND WOODEN WALLS.





MERCHANTMEN IN A ROADSTEAD, BY JOHN CLEVELLEY (1745-1786);  
A MARINE PAINTER WHO HAD BEEN A NAVY DRAUGHTSMAN.



A FISHING SMACK GOING OUT TO TAKE PEOPLE OFF A DISABLED VESSEL WHICH  
HAS HER MAIN TOPMAST CARRIED AWAY; BY COPLEY FIELDING (1787-1855).



A DRAWING OF SHIPPING IN THE DOWNS; WITH THE SOUTH FORELAND ON THE LEFT, AN INDIAMAN IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, AND OTHERWISE  
FULL OF INTERESTING DETAILS: EXECUTED IN 1842 BY T. S. ROBINS (DIED 1880).



H.M. FRIGATE "CRESCENT" (CAPTAIN SAUMAREZ) CAPTURING THE FRENCH  
FRIGATE "REUNION" IN 1793; BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST.



A LANDMARK IN THE HISTORY OF SHIPBUILDING AND OF STEAM: "LAUNCHING  
THE 'GREAT EASTERN' AT MILLWALL"; BY AN UNKNOWN EYE-WITNESS.

THE CHARM OF OLD MARINE PAINTINGS: A LOST WORLD ENSHRINED IN THE ART  
OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY AND VICTORIAN WATER-COLOUR ARTISTS.

(SEE ALSO DRAWINGS ON THE PRECEDING PAGE.)



*The Gift of being well-groomed*

# BRYLCREEM

## THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

TONIGHT they're dining at the Mayfair; then on to a theatre and dancing till the early hours. Tomorrow they're full up too—not an evening before Friday week. You see them everywhere, the man-about-town and his constant companion—Brylcreem. However long the night, Brylcreem keeps his hair immaculate. Christmas is a busy time for them both, and he can always do with an extra jar. The big bottle with the pump attachment makes an ideal gift.

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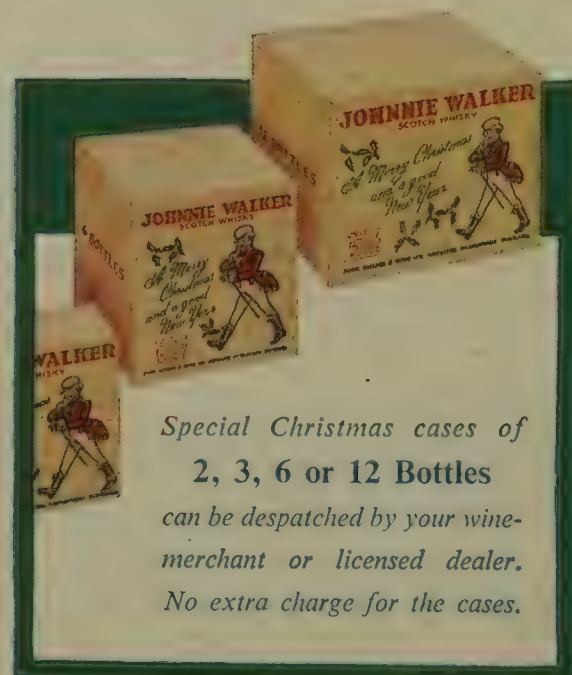


# Fathers' Christmas



It's child's-play, really, this business of choosing the right Christmas present for a man. Give him what you like yourself. Give him Johnnie Walker. Such a mellow whisky, so smooth, so finely flavoured, so perfectly blended. Yes, that's the special secret of Johnnie Walker — the *blending* does it!

Give a case of  
**Johnnie Walker**  
for Christmas



Special Christmas cases of  
2, 3, 6 or 12 Bottles  
can be despatched by your wine-  
merchant or licensed dealer.  
No extra charge for the cases.





"All right," whispered Sylvia, holding tight to his hand, and inch by inch they crept round the rock, while the great dog eyed them malevolently, straddled across its prey.

#### DIBBER'S GOOD DEED.—(Continued from page 34.)

the Christmas spirit, and his artistic mind was so taken up with sprigs of holly, bunches of mistletoe and Charles Dickens that it compelled him to answer jovially, whatever his inward feelings might have been.

"By Jove!" he ejaculated. "Grand little dog, that. Very kind of you, Walter."

"Oh, Robin!" cried Sylvia. "He's absolutely topping!" but loyally added under her breath, "Not nearly so nice as Dibber, though," and then Dibber himself decided it was time to join in the general greeting. He bounded to his feet, approached the newcomer boisterously, and planted himself four-square in front of him.

"Hullo, you!" said Dibber, almost in as many words. "Come in and make yourself at home. Nothing stand o'fish about me, my lad. Shake a paw and let's be matey."

Grip the aristocratic looked at him once and growled short and sharp in his throat. "Vulgar!" he said.

Dibber stiffened suddenly all over. "What's that?" he demanded.

"Beastly vulgar!" said Grip.

"Meaning me?" asked Dibber.

"Meaning you," said Grip.

"Look out!" shrilled Sylvia. "Keep them apart! They're going to fight!" But she was too late. Two separate dogs became one cart-wheel, and complete disorder prevailed until the two owners, clutching perilously in the middle of the whirlwind, managed to collect their own animals and drag them away.

"There you are, Sylvia!" snorted Mr. Fieldacre, with the Christmas spirit wearing a little thin. "I told you he was a pugnacious animal."

"But he's not!" nearly wept his daughter, at the same time clasping her snarling possession to her bosom. "You can't say it was his fault! You saw what happened. Dibber was jolly as anything until Grip growled at him—"

"Darling," suggested her mother, "I think Dibber had better be shut up if Cousin Walter will show you where to put him."

"But . . ." Sylvia began to protest. "Oh . . . all right, Mummy," and led off a Dibber who still muttered ferocious swear words as he went.

"They'll soon get used to each other," Cousin Walter announced to his assembled guests when the culprit was safely locked in the out-house that had recently contained his rival. "Bit strange at first, you know. They'll be pals before we know where we are. . . ." But unfortunately they were nothing of the sort.

Christmas Day developed into a series of undignified bickerings. It was, of course, unthinkable that Cousin Walter's present should be

isolated; it would have broken Sylvia's heart if Dibber had been shut off from all part in the festivities, so both dogs had perforce to be at large.

Efforts were made to keep them in different rooms, but in the general excitement doors that should have been closed were constantly left open, and every time the two animals met they immediately joined battle.

"Something," groaned Mr. Fieldacre, when the nerve-racking day was over at last, and he was preparing himself for bed, "something has got to be done about this. It—it's unbearable!"

"I know, dear," his wife agreed. "But what?"

"God knows!" said Mr. Fieldacre helpfully, and turned out the light. But next morning Robin and Sylvia met in solemn conclave after breakfast and endeavoured to solve the apparently insoluble problem.

"It's not a bit of good arguing who started it," said Robin, "because I shall always say it was Dibber, and you will always swear it was Grip, and then we should start fighting ourselves, which wouldn't help."

"Not a bit," agreed Sylvia. "But what we have to decide is does Dibber or Grip come with us when we go exploring on the moor this afternoon?"

"They can't both come," said Robin. "That's a dead cert."

"I know," said Sylvia. "I promised Dibber *he* could as soon as I heard we were coming down here for Christmas, but . . . I'm certain it would make you feel rotten to see Dibber having a marvellous time when you knew that Grip was shut up and probably howling his head off."

"It would," said Robin promptly. "But no worse than you'd feel if it was the other way about."

"Then," suggested his sister, "it seems that we either have to give up the idea of exploring altogether, or else leave both dogs behind."

"Both ideas are rotten," said Robin. "But I think the second one is a little the less rotten of the two. I mean, if we don't do anything at all now we are in the country, it would be too bally awful for words."

"That's how I feel," sighed Sylvia, and so it was decided. Before they started out after lunch they first of all put Grip in the garage, and then pushed a very reluctant Dibber into Sylvia's bedroom and closed the door on him so rapidly that they nearly cut off his tip-tilted proboscis.

Grip, with the philosophy born of noble birth, sat down silently with his nose glued to the crack at the bottom of the door, and waited. Dibber, hampered by no noble sires, voiced his indignation so persistently that Sylvia couldn't bear to listen to him.

"Oh, hurry!" she cried. "If I stay here a minute longer I shall have to let him out again," and they simply flew down the garden path and along the lane

away from the village, until they reached the gate that separated the semi-civilisation of the beaten track from the wide purple sweeps of untamed moorland.

They sat on top of the gate and panted.

"I say," said Robin, when at last some of their breath had come back to them, "it's pretty grand, isn't it? Which way shall we go?"

"Turn right," said Sylvia on the spur of the moment, and hopping down from the gate, she began to breast the slope of the first hill.

It was some time later that they met the wild dog. It was in reality probably not so masterless as it appeared. One may suppose that its owner was some travelling gypsy horse-dealer who needed a dog large and fierce enough to guard his stock-in-trade from his thieving brothers; a dog lawless and cunning enough to pick a living from the countryside when he forgot to feed it, but whomsoever it acknowledged as master, it was by no means a pleasant animal for two children to meet in a situation so desolate. It was tall and lean and shaggy, with teeth that glinted in a perpetual savage grin, and two red eyes gleaming from a matted thatch of grey hair.

It had just slain a rabbit, and when Robin and Sylvia came upon it suddenly from behind a rock, it was about to feast on its furry victim.

"Golly!" gasped Robin, pulling up short at sight of this apparition. "Don't go any closer! It doesn't seem to like the look of us much!"

"I should think it didn't," said Sylvia, discreetly stepping behind her brother. "I say, Robin . . ." as the dog rose threateningly to its full height, "I believe it's afraid we want to steal its rabbit or something."

"Be careful!" warned Robin, with a wobble in his voice. "Don't make any sudden move, or it may charge us. J—just back away slowly—a—step at a time. Slowly—now—mind."

"All right," whispered Sylvia, holding tight to his hand, and inch by inch they crept round the rock, while the great dog eyed them malevolently, straddled across its prey.

When they were out of sight at last and the growls had died down to a low rumble, they involuntarily increased their speed to a brisk walk, and before they knew where they were this had become a run, and, still hand-in-hand, they went pelting down the slope, neither pausing nor daring to look round until they could run no more.

"Stop!" gasped Sylvia at last. "I—I can't go another step. I—I've a stitch in my side!" and she sank breathlessly on a stone.



"It's all right!" panted Robin, somewhat ashamed of this panic flight. "There's nothing following us. Perhaps it wasn't such a bad old dog, really. I expect it was only scared we might pinch its dinner, but—"

"It looked awful!" said Sylvia. "I've never seen anything so fierce. Do you think we'd better go home?"

"Not much!" said Robin stoutly. "It won't worry us if we don't worry it. We'll walk round in a big circle, and remember the place, so we can do the same thing on the way back."

"Right you are," said Sylvia, struggling to her feet again. "Come on," and they started off once more, making a wide detour and finding their path again some hundreds of yards further on.

Sylvia was silent for a long while, and when she did speak it was to voice a growing conviction that perhaps, after all, things did somehow work out for the best, even if they seemed to be in a mess at the time.

"D'you know," she announced at last, "I can't help thinking how frightfully lucky it was that we didn't have either Dibber or Grip with us when we met that beastly dog! I mean, they're both so plucky, they wouldn't have minded in the least that it was about three times as big as them, and if they'd started fighting, neither of them would have stood the ghost of a chance."

"We couldn't have helped much," agreed Robin, "because I haven't even got a stick."

"I believe," said Sylvia, solemnly, "it must have been Providence or something," but if she had known what had been happening at Windybridge in their absence, her faith might have been rather badly shaken, for neither Grip nor Dibber had taken at all kindly to imprisonment.

Grip was the first to escape. As soon as their rapidly fading footsteps convinced him that his young master and his sister were really deserting him, he commenced at once a methodical exploration of the premises. Finding no outlet, he, as it were, shrugged his shoulders and curled himself up in a corner for a nap. But not for long. Some distant sound disturbed him, and stretching himself all over, with the slightly bored air that Dibber found so annoying, he rose to his feet and apparently decided there and then that a garage was no place for a dog who could trace his ancestry back for dozens of generations. Having made up his mind, he acted. Without any flurry or fuss, he measured his distance and jumped clean through the window!

Cousin Walter, looking out at that moment from the library, saw the glass shiver outwards and a small white shape come flying through the gap. It hit the ground, rolled over twice, picked itself up, shook itself and, miraculously unhurt, departed by way of the front gate at high speed, but yet preserving a perfect natural dignity.

"Good God!" said Cousin Walter.

Dibber's methods were very different.

Mr. Fieldacre had retired to his room, with the intention of sleeping off his lunch. He was in that exquisite hovering state between deep and semi-slumber when his daughter decided to incarcerate her pet in her own room, next door.

He was very soon made aware of this fact in no uncertain manner. At first, as though from far away, but growing stronger and stronger as he returned to consciousness, a frenzied barking beat upon his ears. He struggled against it, burying his face deeper in the pillows, but just as he was about to give up all hope and resentfully decide that he was awake, the noises died away. Dibber was taking a rest, but only a brief one, and thereafter Mr. Fieldacre played a game of see-saw for what seemed an interminable time, almost dropping off, and then being dragged back again, until at last, a more than usually dramatic howl really did the trick and brought him up standing, with rage in his heart and a very pretty selection of expressions of natural annoyance on his lips.

"Damn the dog!" roared Mr. Fieldacre, and grabbing a slipper, strode like an avenging angel to the door of Sylvia's room and threw it open.

"How dare you make——" he began, but that was as far as he got. Dibber, with the art born of long experience, jumped sideways from the hand that menaced him, shot through the archway of two straddled legs, and went flying down the stairs. In no time at all he was out of the house and disappearing through the garden gate, quite as fast as his predecessor, but with no sort of dignity whatever.

"Anyway," growled Mr. Fieldacre, "the other dog is shut in, so it doesn't matter much, and, thank Heaven, I shall get a little peace now," and he tottered back to bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

The great, grey brute of a dog and Grip saw each other at exactly the same moment. The latter rounded the corner from which a short time before the two children had beat a strategical retreat, and there was his savage brother crunching the last remnants of his meal. Grip pulled up. His hackles rose in a stiff ruff on his shoulders. He even condescended to growl a little.

The wild stranger roared suddenly the canine equivalent of "Get out, you—and be sharp about it!"

"If you're addressing me," rumbled Grip, "I should like to remind you that we haven't been introduced, and——" but his dignified protest was interrupted by an avalanche of bone and muscle that thundered down on him, driving most wickedly at his throat.

Grip went down, rolled over, and somehow regained his feet, but the odds were far too heavy for him. He was as game as a pebble; he made no attempt to run away, but he must have known from the start that his chances were non-existent.

The great beast was all over him; tearing his ear and his cheek, and knocking him headlong again with the weight of its shoulder. His own industrious efforts were feeble in comparison. His smaller jaws were lost in that wild tangle of hair, and this time there was no hope



... at last, a more than usually dramatic howl really did the trick and brought him up standing, with rage in his heart.



of recovery before his enemy was on top of him, and its teeth were snapping at his throat. For the moment his collar saved him, but already it was wrenched and twisted. He was nearly gone . . . another moment and the life would be torn out of him, and then—a panting, blowing Dibber, nearly frenzied at the sounds of battle, came bursting round the corner in his turn.

Dibber didn't worry about introductions. He didn't even hesitate. There was a fight on. A whale of a fight! A creature that looked like a cross between a bear and a door-mat actually had the nerve to be knocking the stuffing out of his own particular opponent! That was his privilege. Any interference was an unbearable infringement of his rights, and if this object thought it could butt in like that he'd jolly soon show it what was what! And with one dive he grabbed the tail of the offending animal and held on like grim death!

Grip found himself suddenly released. He staggered to his feet; saw his enemy whirling like a gigantic top in pursuit of his own tail and the limpet that clung to it, and sailed in again on his own account, to take a satisfactory hold on a hind leg that was momentarily still.

The wild dog, beset on two sides, bucked itself free with a tremendous effort, and turned to demolish Dibber, only to find the other venomously assaulting him astern. After that, it was pure joy. They developed, on the spur of the moment, quite a scientific technique, harrying their great foe, always from opposite points of the compass, with sudden feints and surprise rushes, until it was nearly beside itself with the strain of trying to be in two places at once.

But they did not escape altogether. Once Dibber was caught and went down, fighting like a wild cat, and swearing like a sergeant-major, but before any serious damage was done, Grip saved him with a masterly flank attack, and after that there were no more mistakes. The one facing the teeth of the enemy kept a safe though tantalising distance; while number two, operating out of sight, flashed in to deliver a shrewd nip and skipped rapidly out of range again, when the positions were immediately reversed. They had a deliriously happy time, which was only ended when their adversary suddenly gave up the struggle and, with tail well down and loud howls of rage and despair, found safety in a panic flight.

Hopelessly out-speeded, they chased behind for a minute or two and then sat down, panting, while, as it says in the poem: "On the moor the wailing died away."

Grip was the first to make a move. He rose slowly to his feet and with the slightly embarrassed air of one who has a delicate task to perform, trotted over to his companion and grinned at him. His manner spoke clearer than words.

"Er—thanks for the rescue, and all that," said Grip, in a series of earnest but definitely 'Varsity sniffs. "That cad was a bit too much for me by myself. Don't mind confessing it."

"Granted, I'm sure," grunted Dibber, in his common way, then changed the subject as quickly as possible.

"Smatter of fact, I don't mind confessing that I've been a bit off the mark about you. I mean—I thought you were a stuck-up, stand-offish kind of bloke that needed taking down a peg or two, but, dammit, you fought like my old Uncle Bob used to in the Old Kent Road on a Saturday night—and there's my paw on it!"

"Thanks," said Grip, much gratified, though wincing a little at the coarseness of the simile.

"If it comes to that, old fellow," he continued, "I thought you had a very dashing style yourself—very elegant indeed. Quite a treat to watch, and I congratulate you."

"Come off it," rumbled Dibber, with a vain attempt to look modest.

"I say—that ear of yours looks a bit lop-sided; let's give it a lick, shall us" . . . and he was just beginning his first-aid treatment when Sylvia and Robin arrived, gasping and exhausted, having witnessed the Homeric encounter from a spur of rock on which they had been sitting when the small white form of Grip had first appeared on the horizon.

"T-they've w-won!" panted Sylvia, nearly expiring from breathlessness and relief. "But, poor darlings, they're hurt! Look at Grip's ear and Dibber's paw!"

"I don't think they're very bad," said Robin, who had been just as perturbed as his sister, and was now trying to be extra matter-of-fact to make up for it.

"We'll get them home as quick as we can, though. I wonder how on earth they managed to get out?"

"Never mind about that," said Sylvia.

"I can't think of anything except how frightfully brave they both were. Grip never thought about running away, even when he was by himself . . . and—and Dibber charged in to help him like a lion!"

"They're friends now, anyway," said Robin. "Look at them licking each other."

"They'd have saved us a lot of trouble," mused Sylvia, "if they'd done that at first, instead of pretending to hate each other and kicking up such a fuss. I know they're very plucky, but I can't help thinking they've been a bit silly over that."

"I don't see it," Robin told her, but she wasn't satisfied and brought the point up again when they were all sitting round the fire that evening with the two battered heroes lying side by side on the hearth-rug.

Robin endeavoured to explain.

"I know exactly how they felt," he said. "I mean—sometimes a new tick comes to our school, and you think he's a pretty ghastly swine and probably punch him a bit, and then he plays in a game of Rugger with you, or something, and your side wins, and you both get black eyes, and all of a sudden you find out that he's simply fearfully decent and not a swine at all!"

"I think that's pretty idiotic," said Sylvia. "I can tell whether I like a new girl or not, without fighting or knocking people about."

"That's because you *are* a girl," said Robin. "Grip and Dibber are boys."

"But some boys don't like fighting," protested Sylvia.

"Only horrid little ticks," said Robin. "Grip and Dibber aren't ticks. They're decent sports."

Sylvia didn't reply to that. Instead, she exchanged a look with her mother—a long and comprehensive glance, with a superior little smile at the back of it.

"These men!" said that silent exchange. "They *do* think they're so clever, and really they *are* so stupid, and anyway, it was you and I who bandaged up Dibber and Grip and made them comfortable, even if we *don't* understand!"

THE END.



They had a deliriously happy time, which was only ended when their adversary suddenly gave up the struggle . . .





Mary, Mother and Cousin Maggie talked late into the night over the turf-fire in the dining-room.

# "TO BE COUNTING THE SWANS"

By KATE O'BRIEN,

Author of "Without my Cloak," "Pray for the Wanderer," etc.

Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.B.A.

MARY O'HANLON was pleased when the Irish skyline rose smudgily ahead on the seventh morning out from New York. She was returning home, as she still called Ireland, after an absence of fourteen years. Some time this day she would board a tender at the mouth of Cobh Harbour, and find some sort of train to get her to Mellick before nightfall. And then, in a taxi, she supposed, leaning from a taxi window, she'd see the Lake again, the cold, wide water under the moon. She'd smell the spruce and myrtle again, and catch a glimpse of the broken tower on Holy Island. And at the high fork of the road, between her and the silver sheet of water, she'd see the chimneys of the Grey Lodge rising from the trees. And just at that minute the taxi would turn sharp left, and she'd be in a kind of little valley out of sight of the great Lake. And in a minute she'd be with Mother, drinking tea in the dining-room at home!

She smiled as she leant on the deck-rail and strained her blue eyes towards the still vague coastline.

Christy Welsh saw the smile, and smiled himself with pleasure at it.

"Are you wishing it 'the top o' the mornin',' Miss O'Hanlon?" He waved towards the land ahead.

"I am. I'll be glad to leave this old ship and set foot on it. Won't you?"

"Well, yes."

Although, setting out from New York, Christy's one desire had been to be home in Mellick again and at his usual routine of life, in the last twenty-four hours, since scraping acquaintance with this girl, his eagerness to sight port had slackened.

He had called her "girl" to himself as he strode the deck and resolutely kept his mind off her—"that girl, that Miss O'Hanlon." But from the things she had said last night, and from her poise, he wondered if she would admit the description. Probably she was thirty. Anyway he hoped so, since he was thirty-five. But what had that to do with it? Well, girl or woman, she was most extraordinarily attractive-looking, Christy thought.

Embarking at New York, and before they were two hours out, he had decided that there was no one on board to touch her. But after that first evening she had made the dull December voyage into an unhappy game of hope and disappointment for him, by never appearing anywhere! Never took her place in the dining-room, or entered the cocktail bar, or occupied the chair on deck that bore her name. Once or twice at night he had seen her, walking quickly and alone round the upper deck, but always by the time he had planned some wild audacity of approach, she had disappeared again. Until last night, the last night out, when she had actually come to dinner, and he had cunningly managed to all but knock her over on the companionway afterwards.

She had been perfectly kind about the assault, and had consented to drink brandy with him, in order to recover from the effects of his trampling. So now they were at least acquaintances—for all that that seemed to matter to her!

She had been reserved last night under her graciousness, and when after about twenty minutes she had said good-night and vanished, he realised he knew no more about her than that she was born in Ireland and had earned her living for fourteen years in New York City. But she had shown a polite enough interest in the few things he had said about himself, and about his making this trip to America to collect a small legacy left by an uncle.

"You pleased about the legacy?" she had asked him.

"Well, yes. It's come at a lucky moment. You see, there's a chance just now to do something I've wanted to do ever since I was a kid—"

Her eyes had become quite kind at that. "I know," she had said. "I'm feeling lucky that way myself just now." But a second later she had crushed out her cigarette, and was gone.

This morning he was determined to get past her guard, if he could.

"What part of Ireland are you making for first, Miss O'Hanlon?"

"Why, I think I said last night—I'm going home—to my mother."

"Yes—but where?"

He felt very rude, but he couldn't help it.

"Oh, a little farmhouse, very lonely. But on the west bank of Lough Cree. You wouldn't know it."

Delight raced through him, and he burst out laughing.

"I wouldn't know Lough Cree! But I told you I come from Mellick! Why, Miss O'Hanlon, I fish and sail on Lough Cree every minute I can! But how extraordinary this is! Oh, don't you think Lough Cree is the most beautiful lake on earth?"

"Yes," she said softly. "That's one reason why I'm coming home." And then, with a half-smile, she was gone again, and even on the tender afterwards he couldn't make his way to her.

But he collared her as she came out of the Customs shed.

"Are your family meeting you, Miss O'Hanlon? Have you a car?"

"Why, no—my family are Mother and her cousin Maggie. I'm taking this cute little train. It'll get me to Mellick all right, they say—and maybe there'll be a taxi there. Would there be?"

"Plenty of fine taxis in Mellick. But I'd give the 'cute' little train a miss, if I were you. You see, my car's waiting for me in a garage here, and if you will allow me, I could drive you to Mellick. We'd be there in less than two hours."

He could almost see her mind searching for an escape from this overture, but there was none, and so she accepted his offer with a becoming grace.

He drove fast, and tried to trouble her as little as possible with questions or attentions. And she was as silent as politeness allowed, looking out over the winter landscape with a pleasure that he thought lighted up her blue eyes enchantingly.

"So your mother lives on Cree Park estate? Standish's place? But that's been broken up, hasn't it?"

"Yes. Father was a tenant of old Standish's. But at the break-up, Mother managed to buy the farmhouse and about ten acres. She's just able to manage that much land. She sells eggs and milk, and with her savings and what we send her she's fairly comfortable—"

"Hadh't you a brother killed in the 'troubles'?"

"Yes, my eldest brother. By the Black and Tans in 1920. Father went to gaol for a while, too."

They fell silent—both, did they but know it, thinking of the same thing, Lough Cree.

"You're cut off from the Lake in your house, aren't you?"

"Yes—no view of it at all. That always maddened Mother."

"The Grey Lodge, round the fork from you, has the best view on the whole lakeshore."

"I suppose it has," she agreed, in a curiously neutral tone.

At Mellick he found her a taxi, and they parted. He longed to drive her the remaining twenty miles, but knew that it would be ridiculous for him to intrude on her arrival at home. Nor did he now even trouble her with requests for further meetings. He knew who she was and where she lived. That was enough for now. As he watched her taxi vanish into the dusk, he felt happier than he could remember ever to have been.

Mary, Mother and Cousin Maggie talked late into the night over the turf-fire in the dining-room—a place so reeking full of the past that,

[Continued on page 50.]



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FRATERNAL CRITICISM: "ADRIAEN AND WILLEM VAN DE VELDE," BY MEISSONIER (c. 1813-1891).

This picture was painted by Meissonnier in 1856, the year after his painting of "La Rixe," which was presented by Napoleon III. to the Prince Consort—who greatly admired Meissonnier's work. The picture appears to represent Willem Van de Velde closely inspecting a work of his younger brother, Adriaen. The picture is also known as "L'Amateur des Tableaux." Except in his penniless student days, when he is said to have sold pictures at five francs the square metre, Meissonnier specialised in small-scale pictures; and the painting "Adriaen and Willem Van de Velde" is no exception. Adriaen Van de Velde was primarily a landscape-painter, though he also painted genre and battle-scenes. He died in 1672. His brother Willem, one of the great Dutch marine painters, worked with his father in England, being given the room in the Queen's House at Greenwich, which now contains the fine loan collection of maritime art. Meissonnier, as well as being such a popular and successful painter—the public adored both the subject-matter of his works, which was usually that of the Napoleonic wars, and also the meticulous detail in which he painted this subject-matter—achieved prominence in public life. Attached to the Imperial Staff, he accompanied Napoleon III. to Italy; and during the Franco-Prussian war he became a Colonel in the National Guard.

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THE SNIPE

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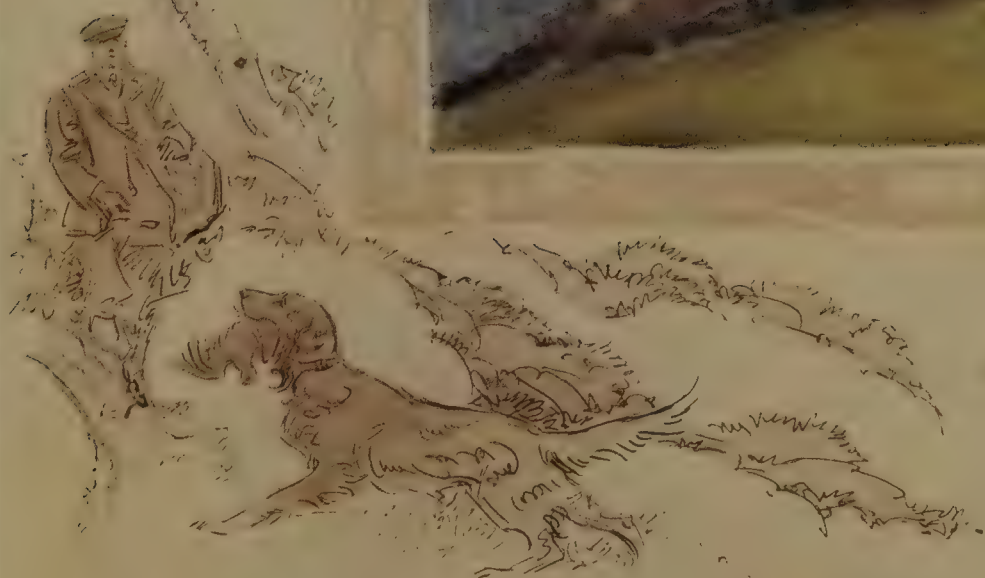
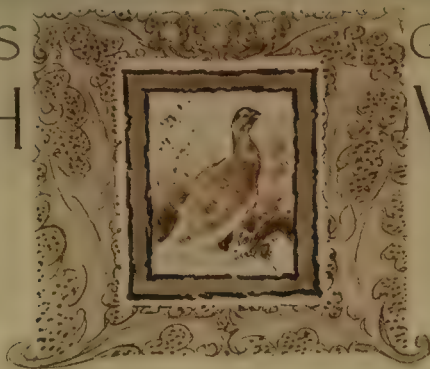
## THE WITCH HUNT.

Persecution of suspected witches reached its height in England during the first half of the 17th century. "The Daemonologie" of James I., published in 1599, had helped to rouse public feeling, and for the next thirty years large numbers of people were hunted down and convicted, often on the evidence of children and half-wits, or on confession under torture. The more usual tests for witch-finding (shown in the picture) were: Trial by water (the witch being bound and flung into a pond, to see if he or she would float); search for witch-marks (moles, warts, etc.); weighing against the parish Bible; burning of the thatch of the witch's house; pricking of witch-marks to discover absence of bleeding. As the suspects were often old and decrepit, they frequently succumbed to the tests, even when proved innocent. In 1726 prosecutions for witchcraft in England were abolished; abroad they continued until nearly a hundred years later. (DRAWING AND NOTE BY MURIEL A. BRODERICK.)



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## THE BLUE-STOCKINGS.

'Les Femmes Savantes'; by C. R. Leslie, R.A.

This narrative picture painted by Charles Robert Leslie in 1845 aroused interest when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy the same year. It depicts a scene from the third act of Molière's play "Les Femmes Savantes," in which the poetaster Trissotin reads his pedantic "Sonnet à la Princesse Uranie" to the blue-stocking ladies of the Hôtel Rambouillet, while one of them, Philaminte, seated in the centre, pronounces her approval of the absurd verse: "Lui seul, des vers aisés possède le talent." Leslie, a subject-painter, was born in London in 1794, of American parents who soon after returned to Philadelphia. In 1808 he was bound apprentice to a bookseller, but, desiring to become an artist, in 1811 he sailed for England, where he entered the schools of the Royal Academy in 1813 and obtained two silver medals. Amongst his instructors were Benjamin West and Washington Allston. It was not till after a visit to the Continent in 1817 that he settled down to the class of works—humorous genre subjects from the standard authors—on which his reputation rests. His progress was then rapid. From 1847 to 1852 he held the Professorship of Painting in the Royal Academy, of which he was made a full member in 1826.

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# Christmas Greetings

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## COUNTING THE SWANS. (Continued from page 42.)

when tea had been cleared away, the returned exile felt almost compelled to draw her chair up to the red plush table-cloth and begin her homework. When she said so to Mother, the latter smiled. "Yes, Maggie and I often see the lot of you there of an evening. Indeed, we nearly expect the ink to be spilt, or one of your old rows to start sometimes."

Mrs. O'Hanlon spoke without self-pity. Her children were scattered far over the world, and one of them was dead, but she was content to have launched them, and to remain in her own place, near Lough Cree. She and her faithful cousin, Maggie, junior partner to her in the work of the place for more than thirty years, would probably be able to keep each other cheerful between now and the grave.

"How old are you, Mother?"

"Fifty-nine. Do I look it?"

"I suppose you do, more or less. I hope I'll look like you when I'm fifty-nine."

"You ought to—you're very like me now, I'd say. Isn't she, Maggie?"

"She's the living spit of you, God bless her."

Mary thought how unusual it must be to find an ideal intact after fourteen years of blind insistence that it lived. Her mother had been her childhood symbol of perfection. She had always thought her as beautiful as a queen, and had dreamt of giving her her every desire. And to their amusement, when they were children hanging about her, they had discovered that for herself she had only one particular wish, that she dismissed always with her sweet laugh as "greed and foolishness." But Mary, at her youngest, had thought it nothing of the sort—and in the bad year, 1925, when Father was ill, and quarrelling more fiercely than usual with Colonel Standish, she had jumped at Auntie Bessie's invitation to go out to America to her, to Brooklyn, and be trained as a stenographer. It had seemed the gate to fortune, and to giving Mother her one "foolish" wish.

Well, well! The experienced young woman from New York City smiled very broadly. Dreams don't often come true as neatly as this one was going to.

Mrs. O'Hanlon wore her best black silk dress for Mary's return, and Grandmother's amethysts. Her face was both humorous and beautiful; she was very slim, and her thin, hard-worked hands and her wavy, grey hair were as well cared for as everything else about her, or about the room. Cousin Maggie, stout and tidy in her rocking-chair, was as good a foil for her, Mary thought, as an old apple-tree might be for a silver poplar.

"And what's the local news, Mother?"

"The chief excitement, child, is that it seems we're going to have the Salesian Fathers, if you please, running a school above at the Big House! You heard—I wrote to you—of poor Mr. Hugo Standish's terrible death, and he flying in India. So, of course, they're selling out the last of the property now—"

"Oh? What have they left to sell?"

"It was all in the *Sentinel* two months ago—don't you read the papers we send you, child? There's the Big House itself, with sixty acres; and there's the stud farm and what goes with it; and then there's the Grey Lodge beyond here—you remember the Grey Lodge?"

"Yes. Who's going to buy that, do you know?"

"God knows. It'll go cheap, they say—in spite of the lovely situation. It's been standing empty so long, whoever buys it will have to spend on it." Mrs. O'Hanlon gave a very small, dreamy sigh.

"Do you remember, Mother, you used to say you'd rather starve in the Grey Lodge than be the Empress of China?"

Her mother threw her a quick, laughing look.

"Fancy you remembering that! Indeed, and I know I used to say it. The view that's in it from any spot of that old garden, and Holy Island away below, and the swans—ah, sure it ought to make a saint of a sinner, to be looking at it every day and at the fall of night—"

"It's a pity you didn't get your wish, Mother."

"Sure, there's no reason at all why I should, child."

"And maybe you're better off the way you are," said Maggie.

"Do you think you are, Mother?"

"Well, no, child, if you ask me straight. I think anyone might be better off, body and soul, with that view before them than to be without it. And I think it'd be a happy place to end your days in. To be sitting in a window there, to be counting the swans. . . ."

The next morning, Mary went out by herself, up the little dark wooded lane and round the sharp fork at the top, to where she could find all the glories of Lough Cree spread out below her. It was a bright,

frosty day, and the world of her childhood lay immaculate and lovely about her.

And there it was, the well-known foothold in the high, mossy wall. And, above the wall, tilted crazily, was a new notice-board. "To Be Sold. By Private Treaty. . . ." Mary scrambled up, and dropped over, into the wet leaf-mould of the shrubbery. She ran through it, finding the vague path almost as easily as when she was fourteen and came up from the lake sometimes by this forbidden short-cut. Soon she was running over heavy grass and skirting the side of the lovely little rambling, one-storied house, the Grey Lodge. And at last she was sitting on the mossy, stone sill of one of the drawing-room windows. And there before her was the view that Mother thought would make a saint of a sinner. There were the swans in full sail, in proud procession. There was the great water, with the long garden flowing down to it, and between them only the little silver beach and the broken jetty. And was that old Shamus, the boatman, spreading his nets on the rock?

Yes, this was a house to desire, this was a wish worth granting. And it was only six days to Christmas!

Mary wondered whether to go at once to the estate agents in Mellick who advertised the sale, and make her offer, or whether she should first find out in some way what sort of offer to make. Her funds were limited and precious, and she knew nothing whatever of the sort of transaction she saw ahead. She wished she could have advice, but was oddly superstitious about mooting her design to anyone. That young man on the boat, for instance—she smiled at the memory of him.

He was terribly nice, and he might have been able to help her over this—but, on the other hand, he might think it was an incautious thing to do, or might get the idea to buy the place himself, or somehow defeat her.

Mother said that Miss Gwendolyn Standish was in charge of the wind-up of the property, and was at the Big House just now, arranging for the auction of furniture. Mary wondered whether it might be best to see Miss Standish before seeing the agents. That way the whole thing might be settled in one talk. Not that there had ever been much love lost between her and any of the Standishes. And that Gwendolyn had been a very cool customer always! Still, the past was a long way off, and Father and Grandfather had always been good tenants, in spite of political disputes—and everyone loved and respected Mother.

Mary had saved something over ten thousand dollars in her working years—by far the greater part of it during the last three years. She had begun as an ordinary stenographer, had got a rise to a newspaper job, thence to a magazine syndicate, and when at last she was making real money in a big publishing house, she discovered that she could do better still by selling them children's books. Some accident had revealed her talent for simple narrative and simple exposition and assembly of everyday knowledge—and the firm exploited it, and played fair with her over royalties. Now she no longer had an office job, but worked on a commission, and under various pseudonyms, for her own and allied firms. It was a lucky break about which she gave herself no airs; but she blessed the fluke which had enabled her to sit here on a windowsill of the Grey Lodge, knowing that

she could actually buy it this week as a Christmas present for mother!

Her hope was that, of her approximate two thousand pounds, one thousand should buy the house, and the greater part of the other thousand might go in getting it into repair and furnishing it. For its upkeep she would trust to her own ability to go on working in her usual way—and most of the time here, perhaps, with only occasional trips to New York for business conferences. Ah, what a dream! But she was terrified lest, after all, her two thousand pounds should be inadequate, or that she'd be outbitten by some other fancier, or Heaven knew what! For perhaps the first time in her life, she felt feminine and foolish, and wished she had a man to consult.

And as she wished it, a man came round the corner of the house. Christy Welsh, oddly enough—the young man of the boat! At first he did not see her, for he was scribbling something in a notebook, which he snapped to and put in his pocket. When his eyes did fall on her, he beamed, but he did not seem to think it an odd meeting.

"Hello, Miss O'Hanlon. I was hoping to see you around. But first I was looking for Shamus. That's he below there!" She smiled at his thinking she didn't know Shamus. "He's building me a boat for next season, and I want to buck him up about it. How are you? Are you very happy to be here again?" He waved his hand towards all the glory spread below them.

"Yes, in a way," she said—for somehow, seeing someone else strolling here so freely frightened her. "How did you get in here?"



There was the view that . . . would make a saint of a sinner. There were the swans in full sail. . . . And was that old Shamus, the boatman, spreading his nets on the rock?



# SOME PERSONAL AND USEFUL GIFT SUGGESTIONS

BY  
**Asprey**  
of BOND STREET

Asprey's exceptionally wide choice of gifts of every description has of course been supplemented by many items specially suitable for presentation to or by members of H.M. Forces. A complete range of these exclusive designs is shown in the Christmas List, which will gladly be sent on request.

*All prices subject to alteration*



ROYAL AIR FORCE BROOCH  
DIAMOND & PLATINUM 41.0.0  
SMALLER SIZES:  
DIAMOND & PLATINUM FROM 5.15.0  
WHITE OR YELLOW GOLD  
& ENAMEL 3.0.0

REGIMENTAL BAR BROOCHES  
DIAMOND & PLATINUM FROM 7.10.0  
IN GOLD & ENAMEL 3.0.0

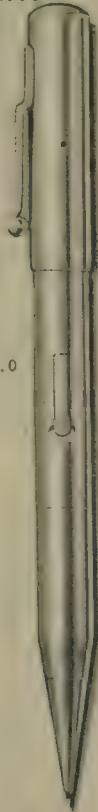


REGIMENTAL BROOCHES  
IN PLATINUM, GOLD & ENAMEL  
FROM 5.0.0 TO 8.0.0\*  
DIAMOND & PLATINUM FROM 16.10.0

\*According  
to Regiment.



POCKET OR  
HANDBAG TORCH  
SILVER 1.1.0.  
9 CT. GOLD 6.5.0.  
18 CT. GOLD 12.18.6.



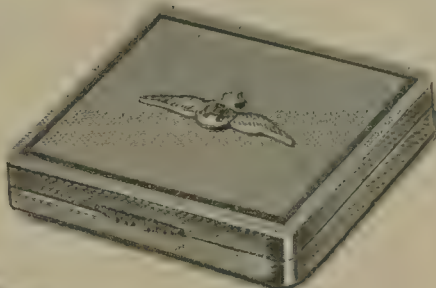
ONOTO  
COMBINED PEN  
& PENCIL  
SILVER 4.10.0.  
9 CT. GOLD 13.2.6.  
18 CT. GOLD 21.5.0.



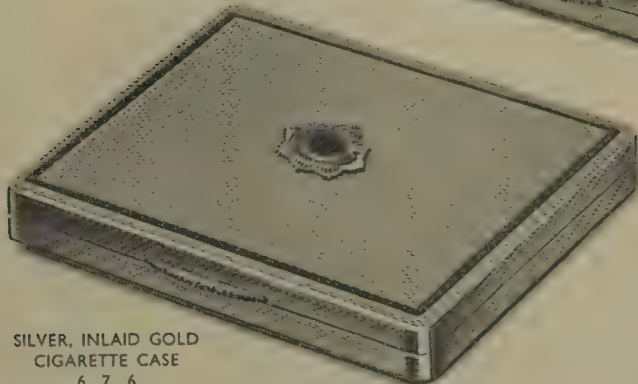
MONEY CLIP  
WITH REGIMENTAL BADGE  
SILVER 17.6  
9 CT. GOLD 3.15.0  
18 CT. GOLD 7.10.0



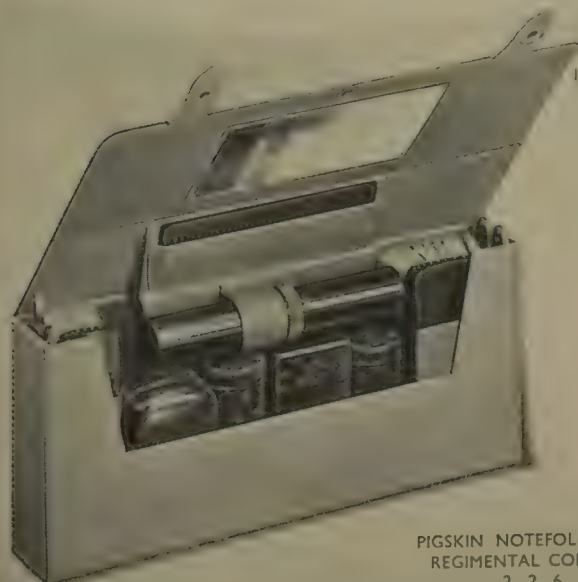
TORCH  
& KEY RING  
LEATHER COVERED  
13.6



SILVER, INLAID GOLD  
VANITY CASE  
4.12.6  
GOLD & ENAMEL  
REGIMENTAL BADGE  
19.6 EXTRA



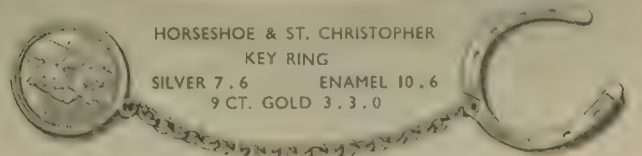
SILVER, INLAID GOLD  
CIGARETTE CASE  
6.7.6  
GOLD & ENAMEL  
REGIMENTAL BADGE  
1.1.0 EXTRA



ASPREY'S SERVICE COMPACTUS  
IN PIGSKIN - FITTED WITH  
IRONWOOD BRUSHES & LIGHTWEIGHT  
ACCESSORIES 7.10.0  
HANGS UP FOR USE



PIGSKIN NOTEFOLD WITH  
REGIMENTAL COLOURS  
2.2.6

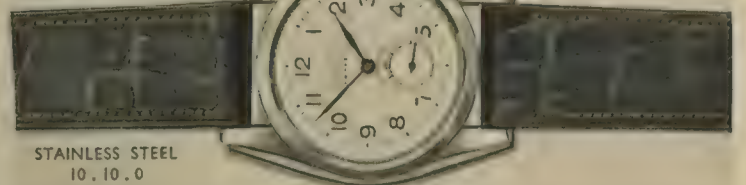


HORSESHOE & ST. CHRISTOPHER  
KEY RING  
SILVER 7.6 ENAMEL 10.6  
9 CT. GOLD 3.3.0



IDENTITY BRACELET  
SILVER 9.6 GOLD 3.0.0  
ENGRAVING EXTRA

ROLEX OYSTER WATCH  
WATERTIGHT, DUSTPROOF  
LUMINOUS DIAL



STAINLESS STEEL  
10.10.0  
9 CT. GOLD  
16.16.0 & 23.0.0



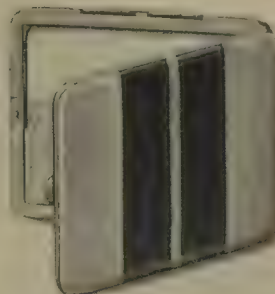
SILVER FLASK  
4.10.0  
VARIOUS SIZES  
& STYLES IN STOCK



ERMETO WATCH WITH SLIDING COVER  
AUTOMATIC WINDING 16.16.0  
NORMAL WINDING 11.17.6  
VARIOUS LEATHERS



PIGSKIN TOBACCO POUCH  
WITH REGIMENTAL COLOURS  
2.2.6



PIGSKIN TREASURY NOTE CASE  
WITH REGIMENTAL COLOURS  
1.10.0

PIGSKIN PHOTOGRAPH FRAME  
WITH BRONZED REGIMENTAL BADGE  
SIGHT SIZE 8" x 6" 2.17.6  
DO. 10" x 8" 3.7.6  
DO. 12" x 10" 4.7.6



ANY REGIMENTAL COLOURS AND BADGES CAN BE SUPPLIED

THERE IS ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW AT ASPREYS \* ASPREY & CO. LTD. 165-169, NEW BOND ST. LONDON. W. 1.



# "Who's been at my ENO's?"



There's not much difficulty in picking out Able Seaman CAN. He feels and *looks* on top of the world! And that's how *you* should be—in these times when fitness counts so much. Take an invigorating glass of Eno's every morning—and keep your blood clean, your nervous system steady, your head clear. And remember this—when at Christmas time you tend to eat and drink too much, there's nothing like Eno's for taking away that "Boxing Day" feeling! Eno's costs 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6.

**Take**  
**Eno's 'Fruit Salt'**  
**first thing every**  
**morning!**

• The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trademarks.

"Over the wall, the same as you," he said. "I often do. I adore this place."

"It's terribly dilapidated," she said disparagingly.

"Not really—it's a sound structure. It's up for sale," he informed her.

"So I hear. What sort of price would you get for a place like this?" She looked about her contemptuously.

"A thousand would be a good price. It should go for about eight hundred. But—don't you *like* the Grey Lodge, Miss O'Hanlon?"

"Well, I think the view is good," she said grudgingly. "But I must fly now. Good-bye, Mr. Welsh—" And she was gone again, as quickly and inexplicably as usual.

He stared after her, his heart beating quickly, but a new anxiety in his mind. "Can it be that she wouldn't like this place?" he thought in terror. But she, blessing him for his informativeness, was hot-foot on her way to the Big House to bid for it.

Miss Standish was on the steps, grooming a spaniel. She looked weatherbeaten and bitter, but Mary recognised her easily. She, however, did not recognise Mary. She had been about and knew first-class clothes and, as she thought, first-class blood, when she saw them. This would no doubt be some likely customer, bearing a pre-auction permit to view the famous Standish silver. Miss Standish smiled a welcome. Mary assumed herself recognised by this smile, and smiled in return, murmuring the other's name.

"I wanted to speak to you about the Grey Lodge," she said.

Miss Standish was cheered up by the soft American hint in the voice. These well-bred Americans were ideal customers, and there had been no bids yet for the Grey Lodge, which, with the market as the agent told her it was, she was prepared to sell cheaply.

"Why, yes; it is for sale. Won't you come inside?"

They went into a small study, where everything bore an auctioneer's number. The sight saddened Mary for the other woman, and she looked at her with sympathy.

"The Lodge is an attractive little place, I think," said Miss Standish, as casually as she could.

"I've loved it always," said Mary. "And it was my mother's dream, all her life, to live there."

Miss Standish cocked a faintly puzzled brow. But never mind, if the American had some remote sentiment about the wretched little house, no doubt she could get her up to nine hundred or a thousand on the strength of it!

Mary smiled at the cocked brows, and hurried her explanation.

"You see, it's all fallen out rather luckily for us. Mother's not far off sixty now, and she's had some hard and sad times in her life, and I always wanted to give her this one thing, and as it happens I've managed to earn the money just in time—"

The soft American voice had become very Irish during this speech. Miss Standish stared at the eager, sensitive face.

"But what do you mean?" she said. "Who are you?"

"Who am I? Miss Gwendolyn, don't you *know* me? I'm Mary O'Hanlon, that went to America fourteen years ago, from the Blackthorn Farm." She smiled. "My father was Sean O'Hanlon."

"Yes. And your brother was Shamus O'Hanlon."

Mary was somewhat startled by the tone.

"I know you hated their politics. But they're both dead now, God rest them."

"Certainly I hated their politics. And now you and your mother want to buy the Grey Lodge? To *live* in it, Miss O'Hanlon?"

"Yes."

"But—it's, it's a gentleman's place! Forgive me, but your mother, how could she be at ease there?"

"Mother is at ease everywhere," Miss Standish. What is the price of the Grey Lodge?"

"Nothing that you could compass, Miss O'Hanlon. I fear you know little of the value of landed property, or of the upkeep that would be essential."

"The Grey Lodge has done without upkeep for a long time now. I will pay you a thousand pounds for it."

Miss Standish was surprised—but furious. No O'Hanlon should live in a Standish house, or fulfil a wish of the heart that she could divert. That little vengeance at least the whirligig of time would grant her against this country she had always hated!

"The project is not even discussable."

"Are you refusing to deal with me?"

"The Grey Lodge is simply not within your reach, Miss O'Hanlon. Good morning."

By the time Mary reached home the tears, which she had not allowed Miss Standish to see, were still pouring down her face. So that she was embarrassed to find Christopher Welsh in the garden. He had ventured to call, he said; had made himself known to her mother and Miss Maggie, and was bidden to stay to dinner with them. His face was very troubled and kind as he searched her wet eyes.

"Don't cry," he said softly. "Is there anything anyone could do? Don't cry!" And he suddenly picked up both her hands and kissed them hungrily.

"Oh, please! Please don't be so nice to me!" Mary cried, and then she fled to her own room to pull herself together.

But Miss Standish hadn't beaten her. An O'Hanlon could fight, as this enemy should know. And during dinner it occurred to Mary that there *was* something Christopher Welsh could do for her.

"Would you drive me to Mellick this afternoon?" she asked him.

He beamed his willingness.

(Continued overleaf.)



# Famous QUEENS by famous Masters

QUEEN ELIZABETH  
By ZUCCHERO  
(Hatfield House Collection)



## HIGHLAND QUEEN

GRAND 10 LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

by Macdonald & Muir

Like other masterpieces "HIGHLAND QUEEN" demands genius for its making and time for its mellowing. Which is why this great whisky, particularly at Christmas, is bestowed as symbolic of rather special goodwill and appreciated as such.

For "HIGHLAND QUEEN" approaches its perfection unhurriedly; ten long years is given to its maturing. Thus the cheerful, leisured comfort of Christmas is a fitting time to sip and ponder each glorious golden drop.

Give and drink "HIGHLAND QUEEN" Scotch Whisky this Christmas.



MACDONALD & MUIR, Ltd., LEITH, EDINBURGH; also GLASGOW and LONDON.



"And home again, if I may," he said. But she thought she would get the bus home. He thought differently, but said nothing now.

The firm of estate agents dealing with the Cree Park sales was old and conservative, and Miss Standish considered its senior partner a gentleman. Mary O'Hanlon thought him one also. He was very nice to her, spoke kindly of her father and her tragically fated brother, and seemed to think it very lucky that someone wanted to pay a thousand pounds, or, if necessary, a bit more, for the Grey Lodge. He congratulated Mary about her success in America, and obviously thought her business references impeccable.

The truth was that the man liked her very much, thought the Grey Lodge a difficult property to sell, and foresaw a simple and satisfactory deal, agreeable to all parties. And when Mary hinted that Miss Standish might not find her an acceptable purchaser, for political reasons, he just laughed. Clearly he had not yet been warned.

"My dear young lady, this is 1939! And do we, or do we not want to sell our property at a profit?" He quite saw Mary's sentimental point about giving her mother the deed of ownership for Christmas, and thought that a conditional contract might, in the circumstances, be

concluded within the week. "This is Tuesday, and next Monday is Christmas Day. Come in and see me again on Friday, and I'll have the whole thing through for you—" and as Mary's doubtful face still touched and amused him—"Cheer up," he said; "it's as good as yours, Miss O'Hanlon. So far as I know, they aren't queuing up for that old place!"

She was very much cheered up, and enjoyed tea with Christy Welsh, and afterwards the drive home with him through the sweet-smelling dark.

"Though what about your business?" she asked him. "Or don't you care?"

Oh, yes, he cared all right. More than ever now, he told her with emphasis. He was a coal and iron shipper. But his business was all right for to-day. They drove slowly along the moonlit coast of the Lake.

"Here is the only place on earth where I'd want to live and die," he said softly. And Mary, looking up at his dreamy face, thought with

a quickening pulse "How dear he is! How much I like him!"

It was well she did like him, because he was around during the next few days. And, in fact, she was a little disturbed to notice how his company helped her through the suspense of waiting for Friday and the agent's news. She hoped she wasn't falling in love; she never had

[Continued overleaf.]



"The Grey Lodge is simply not within your reach, Miss O'Hanlon. Good morning."



BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE'S

No gift could be more acceptable than a bottle of Drambuie, made from the original recipe of Bonnie Prince Charlie and renowned since 1745 for its delicate flavour and exquisite bouquet.

# Drambuie

The Drambuie Liqueur Co. Ltd., Edinburgh.

## TOASTMASTER Toaster



Two-Slice Toaster

EVERY SLICE  
TOASTED JUST  
AS YOU LIKE  
IT!

### TOASTMASTERS HELP YOU TO CUT DOWN YOUR ELECTRICITY CONSUMPTION

The TOASTMASTER Toaster gives light, medium, or dark brown toast, exactly as you like it, automatically—the same every time. Set dial, press down lever, and in a few seconds your perfectly toasted bread is ready. Thermostatic control automatically shuts off current as soon as toast is done.

Attractive design—chromium plated.

BE SURE YOU GET A GENUINE  
TOASTMASTER

Please state voltage when ordering

AN IDEAL GIFT FOR CHRISTMAS,  
WEDDINGS, BIRTHDAYS, ETC.



Single-Slice Toaster

Obtainable from Leading Stores or direct from

**FRANK V. MAGRINI LTD.,**

19/23, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

Telephone: GER. 4551





THE ROLL CALL

*“Fame . . .”*

*Victory through courage*

The charge of the Light Brigade 1854

*Success through quality*

Huntley & Palmers founded 1826

*Specially recommended*

Violets Chocolate Biscuits

Empire Assorted

Standard Kinds Assorted

*Made by*

**HUNTLEY & PALMERS**



fallen in love before, not properly, and for now she had her hands full, with coming home and buying the house and everything. Oh, well!

They drove up the hills on the other side of the lake on Wednesday evening, and dined together in a wild, funny hotel, and grew very gay; but if they had particular secrets—and by their increasing nervousness each guessed the other had—they kept them to themselves yet awhile. On Thursday they persuaded a reluctant mother and Maggie to go to a movie with them in Mellick, and on their return talked long over the dining-room fire when the elders had gone to bed.

But on Friday morning Mary put all but one thing out of her head, and mounted the eleven o'clock bus for Mellick with her cheque-book in her bag. It was a terrible winter day, of blinding rain—but by the time she reached the agent's office at twelve-thirty she was in the most summery good humour. She was sure that the business man would have overcome the foolish sentiments of Miss Standish, and that, failing another buyer, the Grey Lodge was hers, or rather, Mother's.

However, the agent's face told her the real truth, with no word spoken. And when he did speak he sounded genuinely sorry.

"You see, I told Miss Standish she wouldn't get as good an offer as yours, Miss O'Hanlon—and she hasn't—"

"Well, then —?"

"There was an offer, the very morning after you were in. But it wasn't as good as yours, and so we didn't commend it as much to Miss Standish. But the—er—the other client was very eager, too, it seems, and—"

"And what?"

"He seems to have gone over our heads to Miss Standish. The fact is, that that lady has this moment telephoned us that the property is out of the market. She has—er—she has concluded a deal herself with the—er—the other client."

"You mean the Grey Lodge is sold?"

"I do, Miss O'Hanlon. For a bad price, too—and I can only say that I deplore the conduct of the affair. Miss Standish is evidently a more—er—curious character than I had supposed. I am very, very sorry, Miss O'Hanlon."

"The Grey Lodge is sold," said Mary to no one in particular, and walked out of the office.

She took a taxi home—extravagant, and indifferent to everything. She wondered, rather desolately, where Christopher Welsh was, as she drove through the town, but thought it lucky she did not meet him, lest she should weep at him again. Though for the present she felt beyond tears. She stared at the proud lake as the car swept her along the climbing road beside it; she looked down without feeling at Holy Island and the broken tower; she ran her eye coldly over the rain-blurred chimneys of the Grey Lodge—but when she remembered her mother's wish, "to be sitting in a window there, to be counting the swans," she turned away and bit her lip with savagery.

It was Christopher Welsh who opened the farmhouse door to her and drew her in out of the rain; but somehow she was hardly surprised to see him—but only a little comforted, perhaps. She did notice, however, that his face was almost offensively bright and excited. He took her by the hand and drew her to the dining-room fire.

"What makes you look so white, Mary? What's happened to you?"

"Nothing's happened. That's what makes me look so white," she said bitterly.

"But what is it, this nothing? Tell me. I could comfort you!"

She looked up at him gravely.

"I think you could—if anyone could," she said.

He came closer to her, holding her hands against his breast.

"What do you mean by that? Oh, my love, what do you mean?"

"That I love you, I think," she said with a little smile. But then she burst into wild tears, and laid her head in abandonment against him. "Oh, but I'm miserable, I'm miserable to-day! Don't talk of love! Don't talk of anything!"

He folded her up to his heart.

"Only stay where you are," he said, "and I'll never open my lips again if you like, my darling."

And then Mother came in and Maggie behind her, and they both looked a little shy.

"I didn't know you were back, dear," said Mother. "I was only bringing Christy a glass of sherry. Did he tell you his news, Mary? That he's going to be our neighbour from now on?"

"Seemingly he did," said Maggie, drily.

"To be our neighbour?"

"Darling — I was coming to that! Could you live in the Grey Lodge when we're married, do you think? Could the four of us live there—Mother and Maggie, and you and me?"

"So it was you! You bought the Grey Lodge this morning?"

"Yes—from Miss Standish herself! I could get no good of her agents. They were fancying another horse—a richer one, too, I think. But Miss Standish preferred me and my seven hundred and fifty!"

"You got it for that?"

"Of course I did. What do you take me for? A fool?"

Mary felt a curious wave of anger against the whole of life for a second—but then she looked into his eager, waiting eyes, and she let it all go. It

would be a good story to tell him one fine day.

She smiled at her mother, who was smiling.

"So you'll get your wish, Mother."

"I will, child. God is good."

THE END.

## OUR ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

It may come as a surprise to many of our readers that this Christmas Number was planned in summer days. Some sections were already on the press by the first week in September, and therefore, whilst every effort was made to insert all corrections and changes up to and including the time of closing for press, readers are asked to recognise that in the intervening weeks circumstances may have arisen which might affect prices and other details relating to our advertisers' merchandise.

### JOHNNIE WALKER—CORRECTION.

The Johnnie Walker advertisement on page 38 went to press before the declaration of war. Owing, however, to the abnormal conditions at present prevailing, we are advised by John Walker and Sons, Ltd., that they are unable to supply the special Christmas cases mentioned in this advertisement.

### GLOAG'S WHISKY.

We have been asked to state that Messrs. Matthew Gloag's advertisement which appears on page 47, was prepared in July of this year.



It was Christopher Welsh who opened the farmhouse door to her and drew her in out of the rain.



# CRAVEN

## "A"

Will not  
affect your  
throat



## Seasonable Greetings



*Cheeryble Brothers*

*(Nicholas Nickleby)*

*"A Beautiful spirit, Brother Charles."*

*"None better, Brother Ned."*

*A reproduction of an Original Picture in the possession of James Buchanan & Co. Proprietors of the World-famous "Black & White" Scotch Whisky*